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Book The Annual 1927

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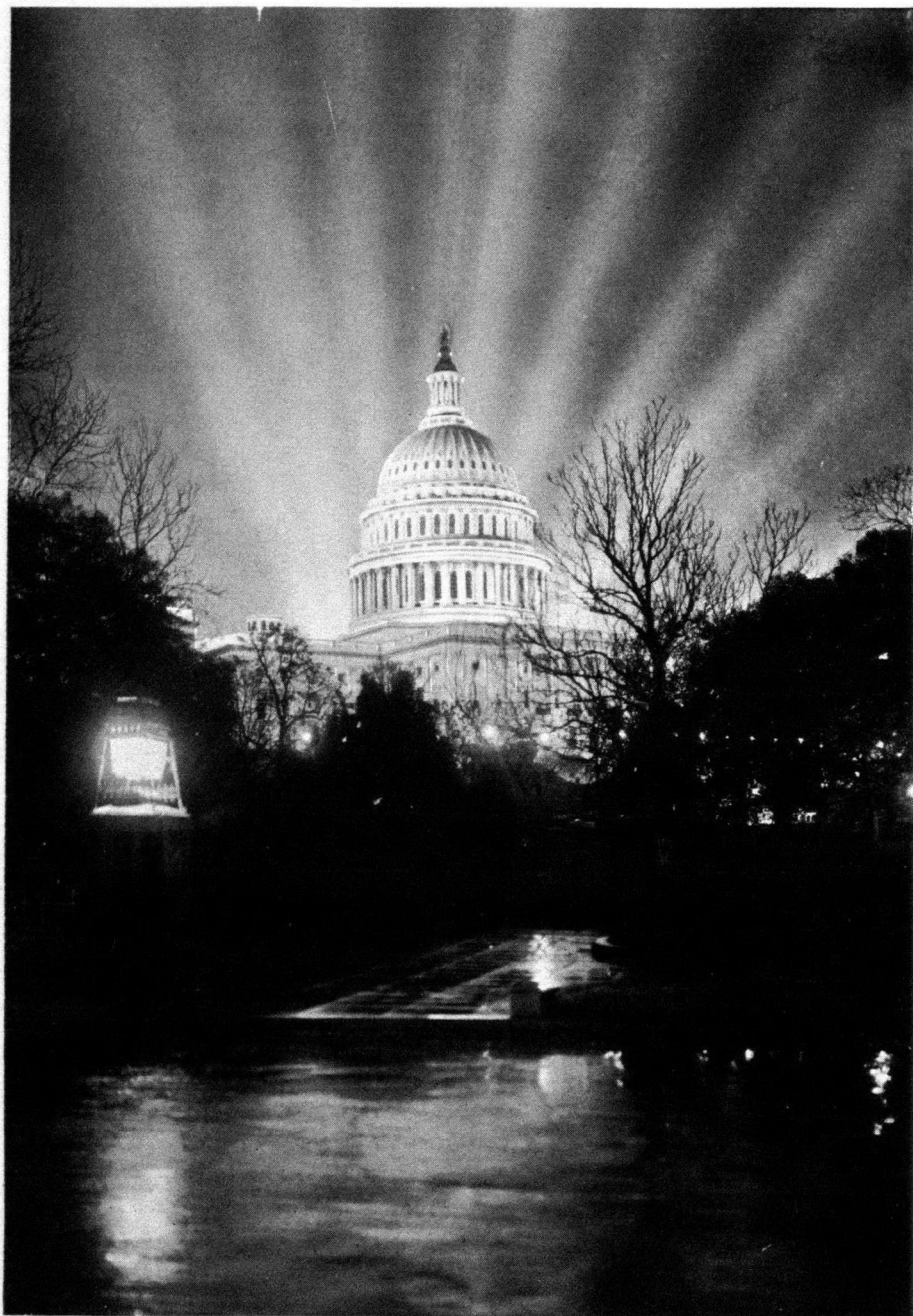
Army School of Nursing

Class of 1927



Walter Reed Hospital

Washington, D. C.



THE CAPITOL AT NIGHT



Message From Class President

*"I go to seek on many roads
What is to be
True heart and strong, with love to light—
Will they not bear me in the fight
To order, shun or wield or mould
My Destiny?"*



THREE years ago we took a pledge which it has been, and still is, our solemn duty to honor. In the past when we have unwittingly transgressed in our honest efforts to stand by this oath we have been shown the right path by the true and loyal women who have been responsible for the shaping of our professional careers. From now on we shall be compelled to walk the path unguided and it is this test of our worth that will be watched by our teachers and those with whom we shall come in contact.

We may find many by the wayside whose efforts seemingly in our behalf may not after all be to our interest. We have heard discussions during our course of training regarding heredity and environment. Considering these two factors in our professional lives none can question our heredity. The school from which we have sprung was brought into being through the noblest of motives and has thrived on the highest of ideals. As to environment it shall rest with us to decide when to adapt ourselves to it and when to adapt our environment to us. With the spirit of the Army School ever with us we cannot err in our decisions.

Within the pages of this book we are preserving many messages from those who wish us the best that life can offer—happiness through serving others—and who have left nothing undone in their desire to fit us for a wonderful profession. As we read their messages over and over again in the years to come each will have a newer and deeper meaning and serve to keep alive and strengthen our purpose to "carry on" as they are doing—staunch followers of our great leader. Let us prove to them that their efforts have not been in vain.

Amy E. McGowan.



ELIZABETH E. MELBY

Dedicated

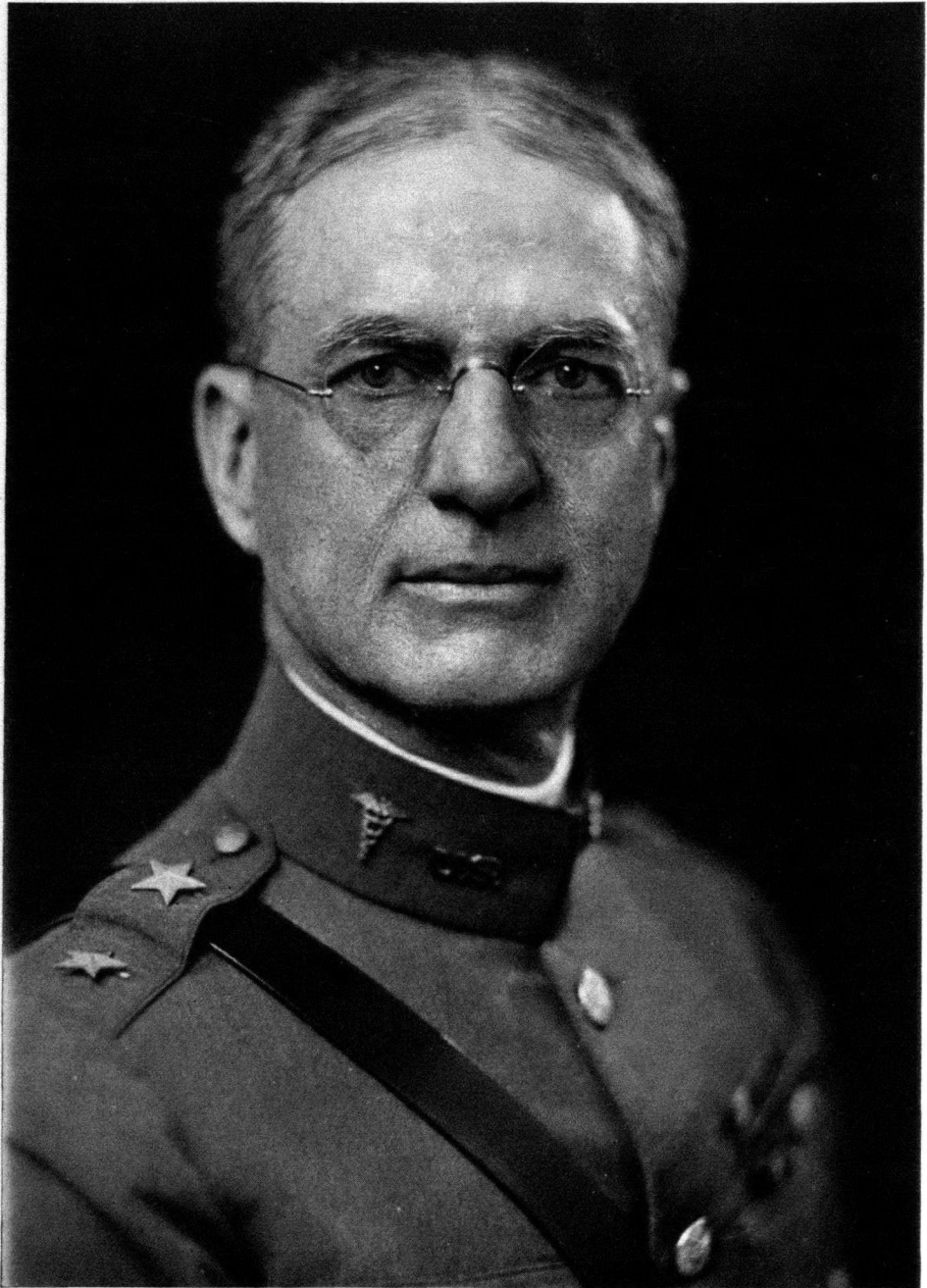
To

Elizabeth Melby

First Lieutenant A. N. C.

In Appreciation

of her loyal services to the Army
School of Nursing, and in recognition
of her distinguished achievements as
a teacher and friend this volume is
respectfully dedicated by the ANNUAL
Staff.



Maj. Gen. MERRITTE W. IRELAND,
The Surgeon General.

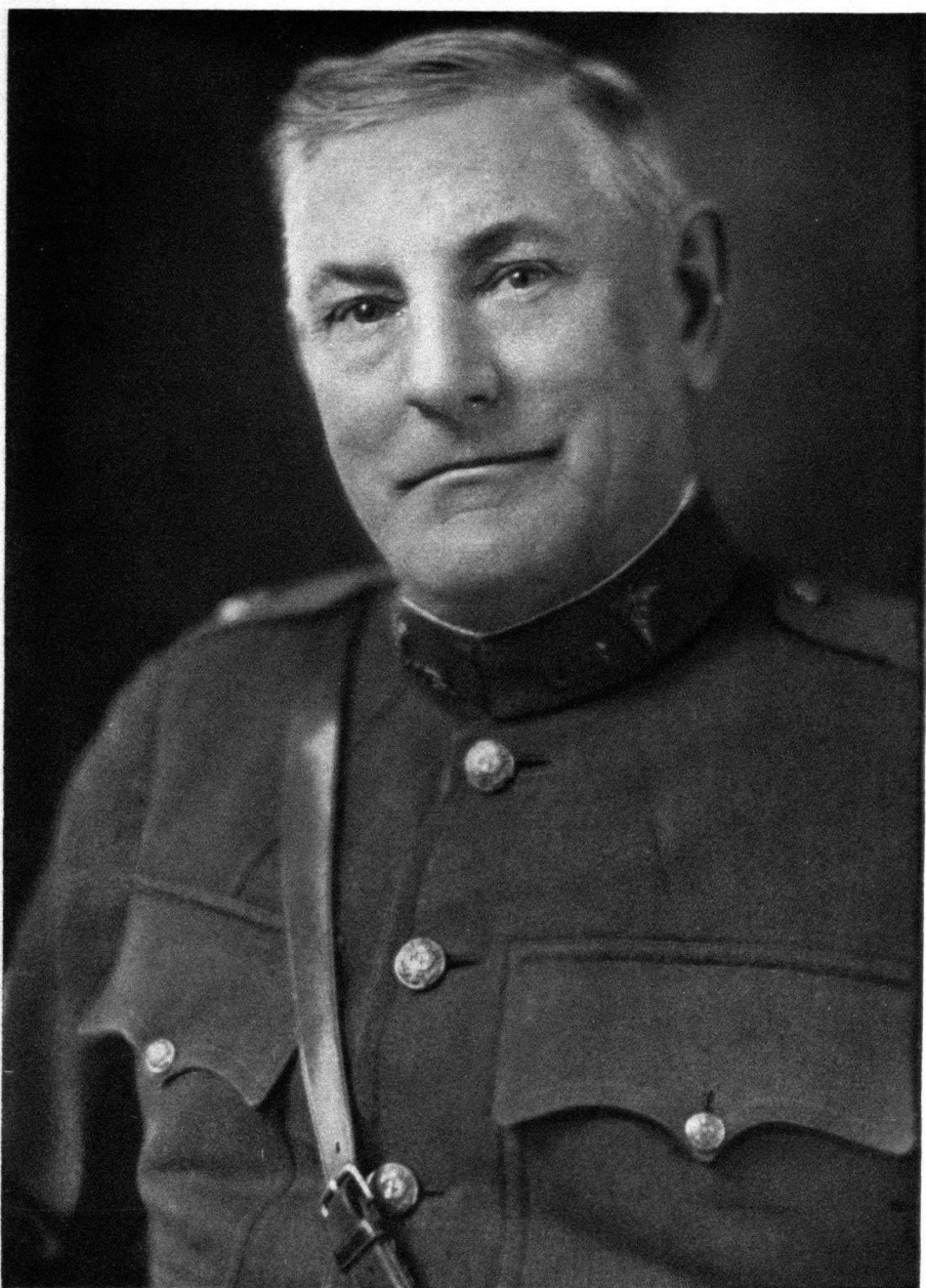


Best wishes and congratulations as always to the outgoing class of the School of Nursing. The members have made a good record for themselves, and there is every reason to believe that success will follow them into their professional life.

Before many more classes have left the Army School we hope to have a permanent home for the School. The specifications for the completed buildings of the Army Medical School call for a special section devoted to the School of Nursing, and space for offices, lecture rooms, and laboratories is being provided so that, whenever the time arrives that funds are available for the purpose, plans will be ready to give the School of Nursing a suitable and fitting setting in the Medical Center.

M. W. IRELAND,

Major General—The Surgeon General.



Brig. Gen. JAMES M. KENNEDY,
Medical Corps, Commanding Officer, Army Medical Center,
and
Commanding Officer, Walter Reed General Hospital.



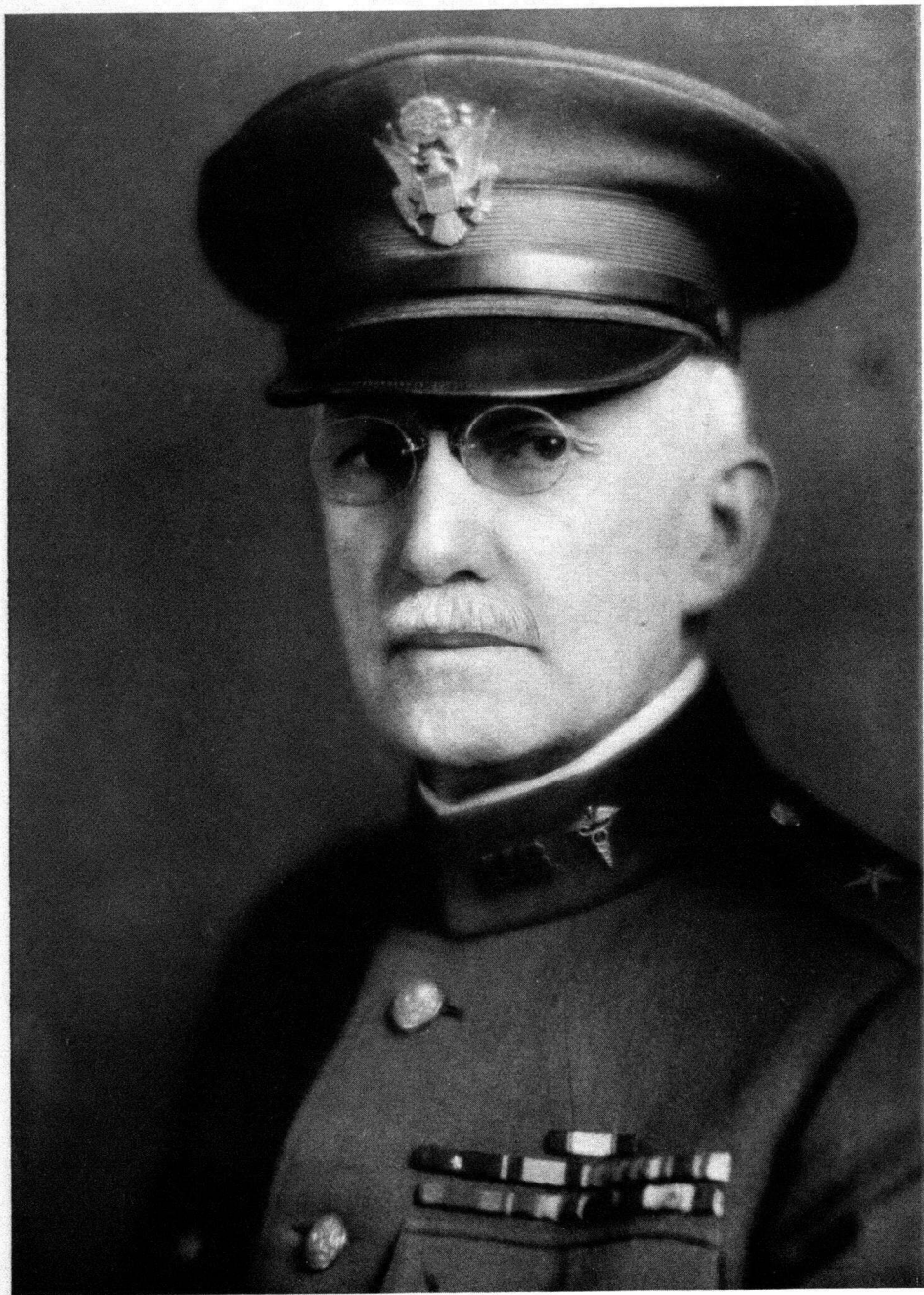
THE GRADUATING CLASS, ARMY SCHOOL
OF NURSING, 1927

I wish to extend to you my hearty congratulations. It is my earnest wish that you continue to enjoy the same measure of success in future service to humanity that has marked your progress in the Army School of Nursing.

May you carry on that same splendid spirit of service and loyalty which is traditional to your school.

J. M. KENNEDY,

Brigadier General, Medical Department Commanding.



BRIG. GEN. JAMES D. GLENNON, RETIRED



BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES D. GLENNON

We could never forget Brigadier General James D. Glennon, who started us out on our career when we first arrived as "Probies" at Walter Reed General Hospital.

His kindness and interest in the Army School of Nursing shall never be forgotten by the Class of 1927.



Maj. JULIA C. STIMSON,
Superintendent, Army Nurse Corps,
Dean, Army School of Nursing.



I have recently been reading an account of the six essential attributes of good nursing as they have been described by a close student of nurses—herself not a nurse, and it has seemed to me that your class might like to have a summary of these qualifications in your ANNUAL. They are as follows: "Simplest to teach and to understand is the characteristic of manual skill. The good nurse has learned how to move quietly and gently; how to make beds and apply bandages, and do many other things, some of which call for real muscular co-ordination.

"Important among the other characteristics is 'leadership'—the thing that enables the nurse to lead her patients to believe in the doctor and to take the doctor's orders seriously. It is a characteristic born in or acquired by successful politicians and salesmen, and women of 'charm,' and it is particularly valuable in the case of the nurse. 'Another quality apparently essential to good nursing is the quality of persistence'—the ability to carry on in spite of hopeless discouragements. 'A fourth characteristic of good nursing is the knowledge of what it is all about. The good nurse is the experienced nurse. She has seen and cared for and thought about many different sorts of people with many different sorts of trouble. She has read books and talked with doctors and other nurses. She has a broad background of information and practice.' The fifth characteristic is 'kindness'—good heartedness, but of a sort which is extremely rare, because it is kindness dominated by intelligence. Finally, perhaps the most interesting and dramatic of the qualities which make for good nursing is a kind of acute perception, which gives to some nurses what seems to the outsider an uncanny ability to know what is happening to the patient. It is sometimes spoken of as 'intuition,' or the nurse's 'sixth sense.' It seems to be acquired by especially intelligent nurses, as a result of long hours of concentrated, highly keyed attention to patients."

Let this be my message to the Class of 1927 as I urge you to think about these things.

Major, Supt., Army Nurse Corps; Dean, Army School of Nursing.

JULIA C. STIMSON,



First Lieut. JULIA O. FLIKKE,
Army Nurse Corps, Principal Chief Nurse, Walter Reed General Hospital.



As an "Au Revoir" to the Class of 1297, I take great pleasure in addressing you as comrades. Many a time I have noticed that your countenances wore a harassed look. Often, as I have broken in upon your feverish activities, I have noted a great big question in your eyes. But as the months have melted into years, I have come to feel that you understand. You appreciate the necessity for discipline; you know why eternal vigilance is necessary; and I am sure that you have grown to place service before self. So it is with confidence I call you comrades and I know that as the years pass you will in an increasing measure understand the many intangible, but real things, that form the warp and woof of true comradeship.

May each day bring you increased joy in service.

JULIA O. FLIKKE,

1st Lieut, A. N. C., Principal Chief Nurse.



First Lieut. MARY W. TOBIN,
Army Nurse Corps, Principal Instructor, Army School of Nursing.



I know it will be just as inspiring to watch your individual careers as it has been to follow your life at the school. May you continue to carry on a great activity and still have time for reflection.

Faithfully yours,

MARY W. TOBIN.



MISS ANNIE W. GOODRICH

Dean, Yale School of Nursing. First Dean of Army School of Nursing



It is again my great privilege to salute the graduating class of the Army School of Nursing. With each year the bond of friendship is strengthened, and not alone by the coming to the Yale School of members of the Army School, but by an ever-deepening realization of our relationship through our mutual pledge to a great cause—our consecration, as it were, to the up-building of the race.

Many schools of nursing assure their students of the attainment of a high degree of skill in the technical procedures of remedial nursing. Few if any so consistently provide, as do our two schools, the comprehensive preparation through both theory and practice in the subjects essential for the nurse who interprets her function as that of health teacher as well as practitioner of nursing.

For the graduates of the Army School we dare also to predicate that steadfastness of purpose, that devotion to duty that in all lands have been outstanding characteristics of those who serve their country under its military system.

I extend to you, dear colleagues, as blazers of new trails and builders of finer mansions for the spirit of the future, my warmest congratulations on the successful reaching of the first milestone in this great adventure, and my affectionate wishes for the continued success of each and every member of the class.

ANNIE W. GOODRICH.



MRS. HENRY R. REA
First Red Cross Field Director, Walter Reed General Hospital.
Founder, Rea Medal



L DITH OLIVER REA, a Volunteer Worker in American Red Cross, was appointed by National Headquarters as the first Red Cross Field Director at Walter Reed Hospital on May 11, 1918, and the only woman so honored during the war, served until September 17, 1919, at which time her active service ended, but not her vital interest in "her hospital," and all its activities. In her administration she endeared herself to everyone on the Post by her tact and never failing consideration of others.

When the Army School of Nursing was instituted she recognized the need of a rest house for the nurses and was instrumental in securing from the Red Cross what is now known as the Nurses Recreation House.

In 1921, at the graduation of the war class, she bestowed the scholarship for advanced special study at Columbia University.

The presentation and endowment of the Rea Medal in 1925 for "the member of graduating class whom the faculty considers has shown the greatest natural aptitude for her work, not only for the lessons learned from books, but also for human understanding, unfailing cheerfulness and optimism, which were found everywhere during the time of stress, but are much harder now without the exaltation and excitement of war," is another evidence of her never failing interest.

The Rea swimming pool is probably the best known of Mrs. Rea's many gifts, but the three green houses, the collection of orchids and other rare plants, she has added from time to time, also give a great deal of pleasure.

It is impossible to enumerate her acts of kindness and boundless generosity.

M. H. L.



Your Alumnae Association



WHEN a man has worked up in a firm to the point of being in line for partnership, the time has come for both the firm and the man to take stock of each other. The man's question will be "This firm has treated me well so far, should they ask me to become a member, what have I to give and what shall I gain?" The firm's question will be much the same—for the time has come for complete co-operation.

The Class of 1927 and the Alumnae Association of the Army School of Nursing reach this point this June. You are in line for partnership. As Executive Secretary of our "Firm", I shall try to answer our side of the question.

We know that your instructors, both at home and in affiliations have given you every opportunity to learn to meet the highest standards of nursing. Before you are asked to join the firm, we ask you to check up on yourselves—that is, take your State board examinations, the passing of which says to the doctor, the patient and the Association, "I am prepared to give efficient, intelligent service."

We of the Alumnae Association are now ready to answer what we have to give you and what you have to give us. We have "fellowship unequalled"—no matter where you travel, through the annual Alumnae Journal you can find the name of some alumnae sister who will welcome you with open arms, who will speak your language.

Then, of course, there is the annual reunion at Walter Reed which needs no description. You are experiencing one this June.

How about the business side of this partnership! Your training has been for business. Nursing more than any other profession in the world is organized on the plan of our government, city, state and national, the alumnae association, the city; the Graduate Nurses' Association, the state; the American Nurses' Association, the national government.

If you are sick and need help, the A. N. A. will help you, but only with the cooperation of your alumnae association. We as the association hope in time to do that on our own, but there is where your cooperation is absolutely necessary.

If you wish to join the American Red Cross Nursing Service, which, of course, you do in your loyalty to the Army and the Red, the White and the Blue, the officers of the Alumnae Association must sponsor you as an "active (an R. N. and paid up) member in good standing of the association."

The school can attest to your standing in work and character as a student, but only the alumnae association will have any information as the years roll on, and then only through your active membership and by your answering our questionnaires—cooperation.

In a few words, the Alumnae Association through its officers can give you more individual attention than any other nursing organization. Its value to you is in direct ratio to your cooperation with it.

SUPERVISORS





FIRST LIEUT. RUTH I. TAYLOR

Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps

Ethics, Social Science, Practical Nursing



FIRST LIEUT. NELLIE CLOSE

Supervisor



FIRST LIEUT. E. VALINE MESSNER

Supervisor



FIRST LIEUT. L. GERTRUDE THOMSON

Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps

Operating Room Technique



SECOND LIEUT. CARRIE DUNN

Night Supervisor



FIRST LIEUT. ANGELINE L. STAPLES

Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps

Supervisor



MISS GRACE HUNTER
Chief Dietitian
MISS GENEVIEVE FIELD (Mrs. Long)
Practical Dietetics



MISS ALBERTA MONTGOMERY
Chief Supervisor of Occupational Therapy
Occupational Therapy



MISS EMMA E. VOGEL
Chief Supervisor of Physiotherapy
Physiotherapy



Faculty of Administration

Maj. Gen MERRITTE W. IRELAND,
The Surgeon General.

Col. CARL ROGER DARNALL,
Medical Corps, Executive Officer, Surgeon General's Office.

Maj. JULIA C. STIMSON,
Superintendent, Army Nurse Corps
Dean, Army School of Nursing.

Army Medical Center

Brig. Gen. JAMES M. KENNEDY,
Medical Corps, Commanding Officer, Army Medical Center,
and
Commanding Officer, Walter Reed General Hospital.

Maj. ROBERT W. KERR,
Medical Corps, Executive Officer, Army Medical Center.

Lieut. Col. WILLIAM L. KELLER,
Medical Corps, Chief of the Surgical Service, Walter Reed General Hospital.

Maj. ERNEST R. GENTRY,
Medical Corps, Chief of the Medical Service, Walter Reed General Hospital.

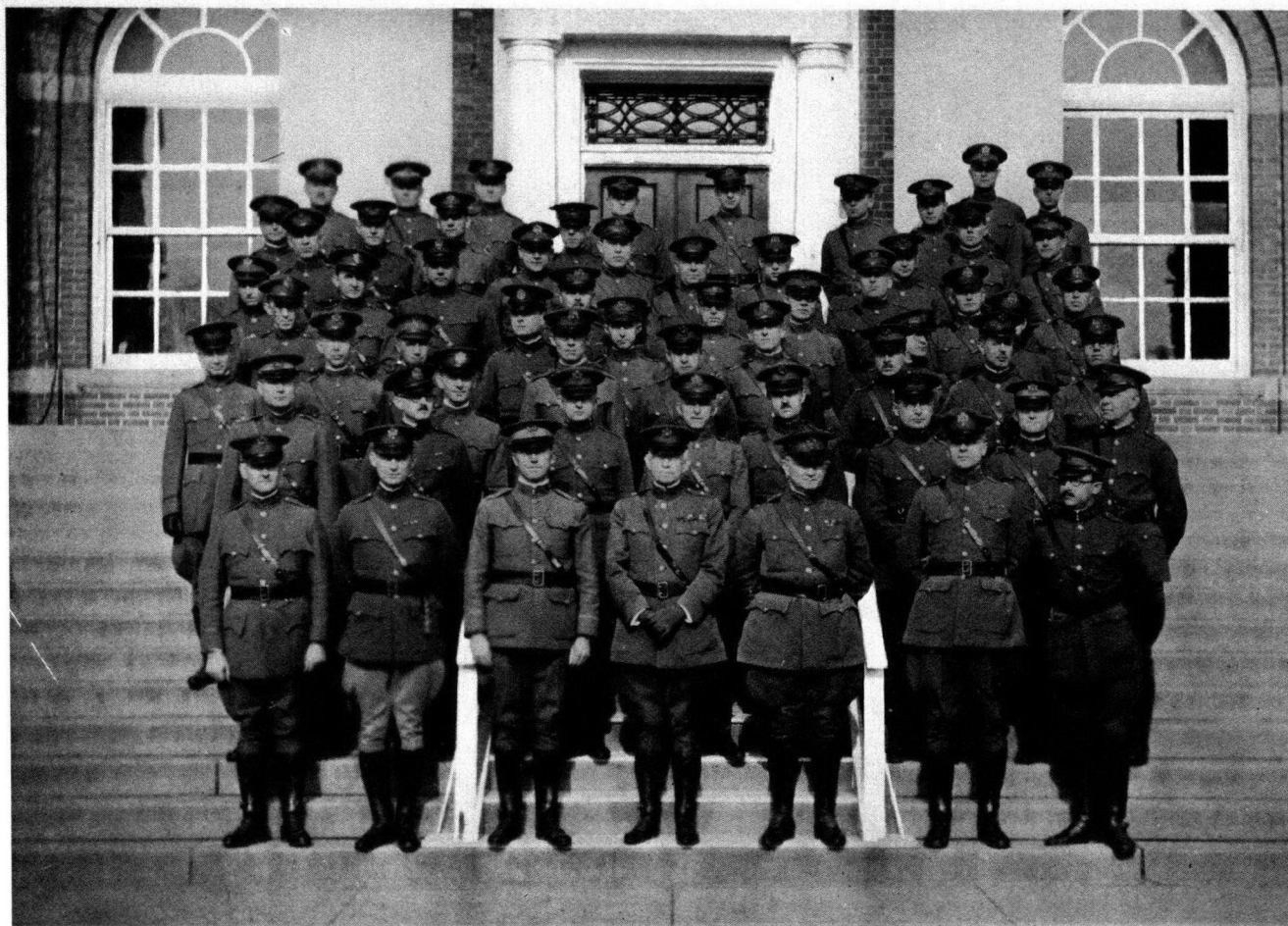
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First Lieut. MARY W. TOBIN,
Army Nurse Corps, Chief Nurse, Principal Instructor, Army School of Nursing.

First Lieut. RUTH I. TAYLOR,
Army Nurse Corps, Chief Nurse, Instructor and Supervisor.

Second Lieut. MYRTLE P. HODGKINS,
Army Nurse Corps, Instructing Supervisor, Army School of Nursing.

Second Lieut. RUTH D. JOHNSON,
Army Nurse Corps, Instructing Supervisor, Army School of Nursing.



MEDICAL CORPS OFFICERS, WALTER REED HOSPITAL



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- Maj. William S. Rice, D. C.....Oral manifestations of local and systemic diseases.
 (Col. Franklin F. Wing, D. C.)
 Lieut. Col. William L. Kellar, M. C....Director of surgical clinics and instruction.
 Maj. Ernest R. Gentry, M. C.....Director of medical clinics.
 Maj. Albert W. Kenner, M. C.....Septic surgery.
 (Maj. Guy L. Qualls, M. C.)
 Maj. S. Jay Turnbull, M. C.....Drill and transportation of patients.
 Maj. H. H. Towler, M. C.....Public sanitation.
 (Maj. Edgar A. Bocock, M. C.)
 Maj. Thomas S. Mebane, M. C.....Amputation and orthopedic surgery.
 (Maj. Norman T. Kirk, M. C.)
 Maj. George F. Lull, M. C.....Occupational therapy, public health, and preventable diseases.
 Maj. Prescott S. Tucker, M. C.....Gynecology.
 (Maj. Horace S. Villars, M. C.)
 Capt. Alfred Mordecai.....Diet in disease.
 Maj. John B. Anderson, M. C.....The psychoneuroses and methods of handling patients.
 Maj. Charles G. Sinclair, M. C.....Microbiology and pathology.
 (Maj. Raymond E. Scott, M. C.)
 Maj. James G. Morningstar, D. C.....Oral Hygiene.
 Maj. Benjamin Norris, M. C.....Affections of peripheral nerves, physiotherapy.
 Maj. Robert E. Parrish, M. C.....Otology, rhinology, and laryngology.
 Maj. Arnett P. Matthews, D. C.....Odontology.
 Maj. Adna G. Wilde, M. C.....Ophthalmology.
 (Maj. Edmund B. Spaeth, M. C.)
 Maj. Henry W. Grady, M. C.....Roentgenology.
 Maj. Henry C. Dooling, M. C.....General medicine.
 Capt. Brooks C. Grant, M. C.....Chemistry.
 (Maj. James Crawford, M. C.)
 Maj. P. C. Riley, M. C.....Communicable diseases.
 (Maj. James E. Phillips, M. C.)
 Capt. Victor N. Meddis, M. C.....Urology and venereal diseases.
 Maj. John Dibble, M. C.....Materia medica.
 Maj. Gouverneur Emmerson, M. C.....Principles of surgery, empyema.
 (Capt. Chauncey E. Dovell, M. C.)
 Capt. Joseph Mendleson, M. C.....Bandaging, anaesthesia.
 (Capt. Carlton C. Starkes, M. C.)
 Maj. Henry C. Dooling, M. C.....Dermatology.
 Capt. Beverly M. Epes, D. C.....Oral surgery, oral focal infections.



THE ARMY NURSE CORPS, WALTER REED HOSPITAL

SENIORS

Class Officers

President.....AMY E. MCGOWAN
Vice-President.....RUTH D. JOHNSON
Secretary.....VERONICA V. GALLAGHER
Treasurer.....VIVIAN FISHER



EDWINA WEBSTER ADAMS

Boone, Md.

*"A woman good without pretence,
Blessed with plain reason and common
sense."*



LUCILLE R. BAKER

Decorah, Iowa

*"Beauty needs not foreign aid of
adornment."*



CHRISTINE M. BURTON

Whitmell, Va.

*"There is a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and dreamy eye."*



CHARLOTTE BUCKER

Mooresville, Ind.

*"She smiles the worries away
Where jollity and pep rule the day."*

DONICE BUTCHER

Washington, D. C.
"I'm in the Army now."



THELMA CARPENTER

Fortress Monroe, Va.
To prove: "Tiny" equals charm.
Given: A dainty maiden,
Sparkling brown eyes,
A wicked line. . . .
What more? What need of more?



LOUISE CARPER

Boyce, Va.
"Oh, love is fair, and love is rare,
But love goes lightly over?"



LONNIE COPENHAVER

Bel Air, Md.
"Oh, Henry!"





MYRTLE B. COPENHAVER

Bel Air, Md.

"A sparkling spirit, with a dream in her eyes."



ROSALIE D. CALHOUN

Washington, D. C.

"And what her soul is,—that is she herself."



NANNIE L. DAYHOFF

Waynesboro, Pa.

*Frivolously sensible,
Seriously humorous,
Differently indifferent,
Just Nan.*



VIVIAN L. FISHER

Lebanon, Ohio

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."*

ELIZABETH FITCH

Wilmette, Ill.

"Truth, honor, and a sure content."



LUCULE FRANTZ

Cumberland, Md.

*"A little package tied up small,
But no mere flower on the wall."*



PAULINE GARY

Cordele, Ga.

*Cute,
Calm,
Capable,
A complete success.*



MARY LUCILE GOSS

Marion, Ohio

*"Her wit was more than man,
Her innocence a child."*





PHYLLIS GREAVES

Charlottesville, Va.

"Penetrative, remote and rare."



EDITH HALVERSON

Laurel, Md.

*"Last night the nightingale woke me."
But it takes more than that in the morning.*



MARY ESTELLE HARDER

Cordele, Ga.

*A bit of sunshine and charm from the
South.*



MARY CAROLYN HARRIS

Apple Grove, Va.

"One crowded hour of glorious life. . ."

CLARA M. HENNION

Phillipsburg, N. J.

*Never loiters,
Never hurries,
Never fails,
Never worries.*



MYRTLE HODGKINS

Providence, R. I.

"I'll either find a way or make one."



HELEN A. HORTON

Cleveland, Ohio

"A quiet tongue shows a wise head."



RUTH D. JOHNSON

Providence, R. I.

*"The heart to conceive,
The understanding to direct,
And the hand to execute."*





ALICE E. KIRLEY

Doylestown, Wis.

*"On with the dance,
Let joy be unconfined."*



ELEANOR A. KANGAS

Hancock, Mich.

*Good nature and good sense go well
together.*



ELIZABETH A. LAUGHRY

Cumberland, Md.

*Merry, carefree, whistling, singing, happy-
go-lucky Betty.*



KATE MARSH

Asheville, N. C.

*"Katie-did!" What?
Bobbed her hair.*

AMY E. McGOWAN

Providence, R. I.

*Here's to a girl with spirit,
We'll drink her health—Our President!*



WINIFRED MO

Minneapolis, Minn.

*Jack of all trades,
Master of all,
From making fudge to playing ball.*



PHYLLIS C. MOBUS

Altoona, Pa.

*"Give me liberty, give me death—"
Or the back porch.*



SENORITA E. MOORE

Woodstock, Ill.

"In her tongue, is the law of kindness."





LOIS E. MUNROE
Providence, R. I.
Capable and efficient.



NANNIE B. MOSELY
Staunton, Va.
"A maid of grace and complete majesty."



KATHERINE MULLIKEN
New Berryport, Mass.
"Little do we know that which you are."



LOTTIE E. MURRAY
Washington, D. C.
*The kind of a girl one likes to have as
a friend.*

SELMA E. PETERSON

Chassell, Mich.

"E'en her faults lean on virtue's side."



SCOTTIE B. ROBERTSON

Jacksonville, Ala.

"Her hair is not more sunny than her heart."



MARY GRAVES SATTERFIELD

Blanch, N. C.

"It's nice to be natural, when you're naturally nice."



ALTHEA SCHAFFER

Cumberland, Md.

"She is a winsome, handsome, lovesome, wee thing."





MARGARET SHERWOOD

Creston, Iowa

*"Wine is red. . . .
Spring is here. . ."*



VIRGINIA M. STEWART

Elgin, Ill.

*"There's a merry little twinkle in her eye,
That is hook and bait to every passer-by."*



BESS SYDNOR

Hamilton, Va.

"The flower of romance."



JUSTINE S. TROUT

New Britain, Conn.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

DOROTHY M. WALDO

Wysox, Pa.

*"My candle burns at both ends,
It will not last the night;
But oh, my friends, and ah, my foes,
It gives a lovely light."*



MARGARET WALTERS

Delaware City, Del.

She smiles away the blues.



MABEL A. WATKINS

Blanch, N. C.

*Bred in the Sunny South, she brought a
ray of sunshine to Washington.*



MARY P. WATSON

Ellensville, N. Y.

*"And it is said of ladies that they have
not wit?"*





GRACE L. WHITEHEAD

Laurel, Md.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."



FRANCES D. WILLIAMS

Decorah, Iowa

*First in war,
Last in peace,
And first in the hearts of her roommates.*



CLARIBEL ZEIGLER

Delaware, Ohio

*"And mistress of herself, though china
fall."*

VERONICA V. GALLAGHER

Reedsburg, Wis.

*"Keen of mind, big of heart,
And Irish wit galore."*

MARY E. MAJOR

Washington, D. C.

*"Fate the kingdom—
Heart the ruler."*



Hard Working girls



Oh for the day



Three of the Probs.



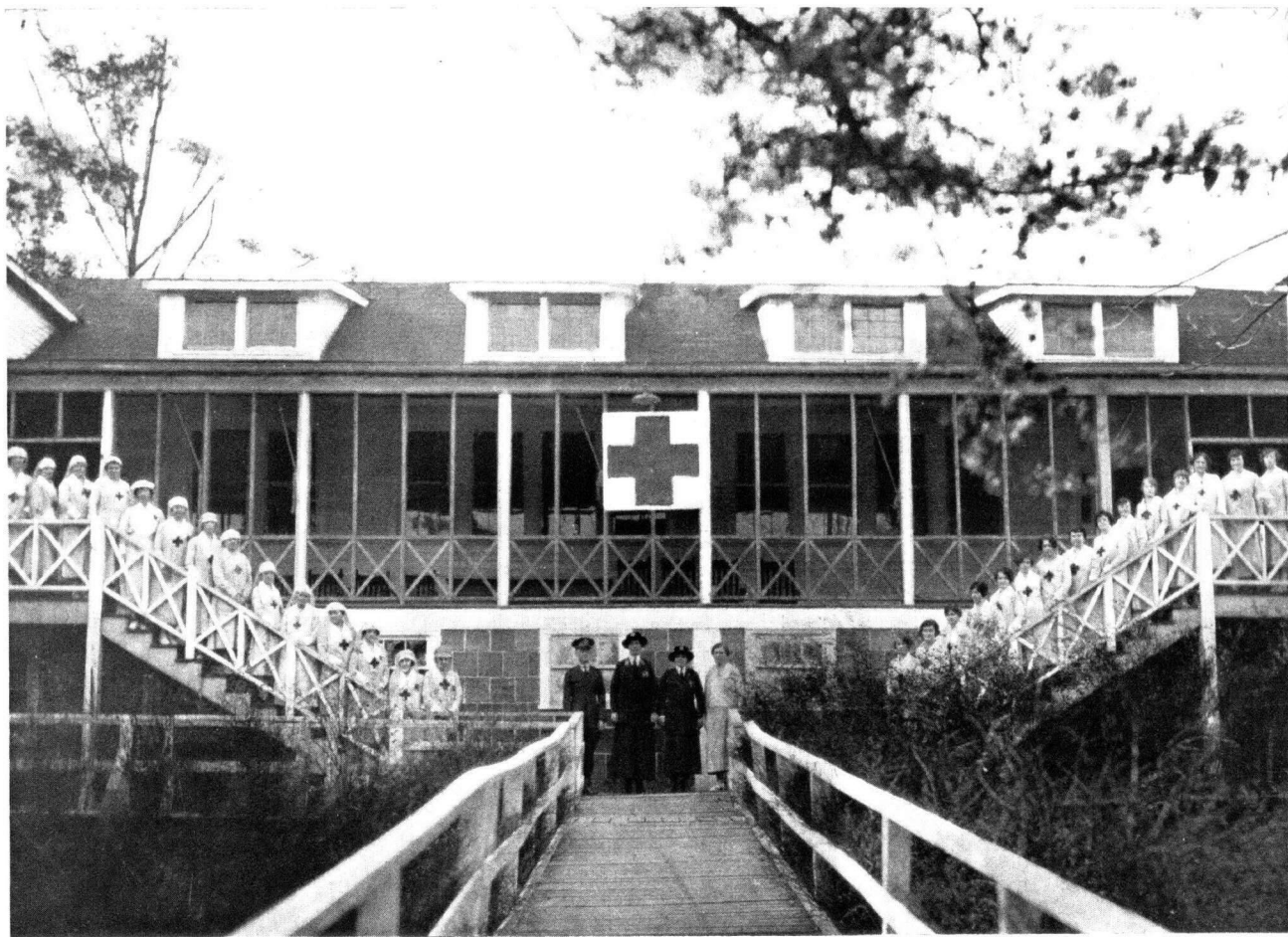
Five Roses



Another working Trio



Class in bandaging



RED CROSS HUT AND WORKERS



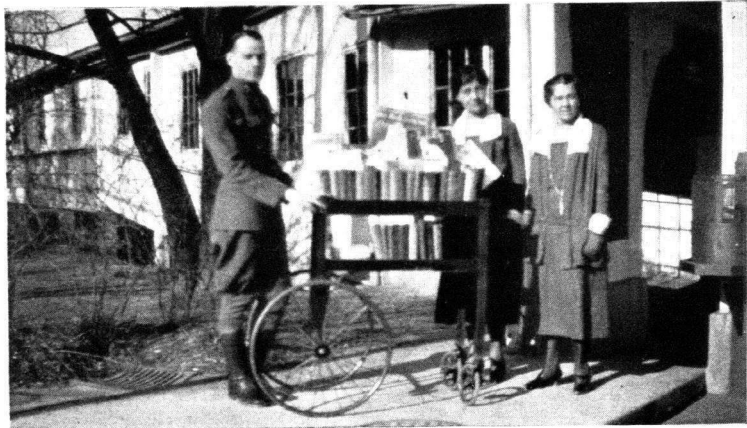
PHYSIO THERAPY CLASS



OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY CLASS



THE DIETITIANS



THE LIBRARY FORCE



THE ARMY MEDICAL SCHOOL



Class History



THREE years ago a group of timid girls came to Walter Reed as probationers in the Army School of Nursing. Some of the girls were taken out to the Post from the Union Station in army trucks, others came via street cars, others via taxis. But they all arrived safely on October 1st.

How barren and strange the quarters looked at first—but immediately the girls realized the possibilities of the rambling, frame, summer-camplike structures, and when once their belongings were unpacked and the “settling down” process complete, homesickness soon passed. They soon learned how to find their way through the labyrinth of corridors, how to distinguish the different bugle calls, and that, oh no, the men in white were not internes.

During those first four months these girls went through so many and varied experiences that their heads fairly swam—physicals, oaths and innoculations occupied them for the first few days. Then those who were found physically fit began their real work of studying—and anon there were the wards.

One of the happiest and most thrilling days of their three years' course, I believe, was December, when they began their duty on the wards. What a new world was opened to their wondering eyes. And with what eagerness each one entered! Ever since the first day Miss Tobin had taken the class through the wards, they had been looking forward to the day when they should begin their duty there. Now they found, in seeking knowledge and in ministering to others, each day some fresh joy came to them.

As the work on the wards became a little more familiar and studies seemed less difficult, the “Probies” began to have faint longings, and to wonder what it was like to wear the cap and pour medicines. They had not long to wait, however, for on January 29, 1925, the scenes had closed in which these Probationers appeared; and the curtain rose on forty-three new Juniors. Now that they had the cap and were really student nurses, their duty on the wards, their classwork, and the hospital itself took on a different, a more vital significance.

The months that followed were busy ones for everybody. There were examinations, special ward services, cart-work, occupational-therapy, and physio-therapy. It was in these two latter courses that the Juniors became well acquainted with the small group of girls who had preceded them to the Army Medical Center on March, 1924, and they became a part of the Class of 1927, organized in March, 1925.



And so between studying, rubbing backs, shaking out fluffs, basking lazily in the garden sun of a summer morning, or listening idly to military band concerts in the cool of the evening, the students saw Spring pass into summer; summer wane, and Fall arrive. It was with a pang of regret that they realized Autumn was upon them; for then the class was to be divided, one half going to Philadelphia, the other half to follow later in March.

With one last lingering look, they saw the scene shift from the wide expanse of fresh green garden, the pure air, the sunshine through the trees, the blue skies overhead, from all the beauty and spaciousness of Walter Reed—to the somber grey walls of Blockley.

There they passed six months feeding babies, making posters and mustard plasters, relieving, and the like—then back to the Center to let the others have a chance; but again they gave a lingering backward look—not on the grey walls or the relieving, or the tiresome night duty—but on faces, little faces, that just would return to mind, however much they were thrust back in memory. For who could ever entirely forget such beings as "Sheikie", "Mizpah" or "Chinkie", once having had the opportunity to know them?

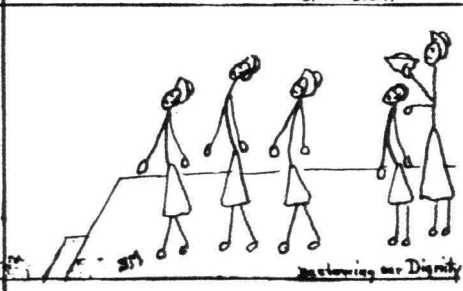
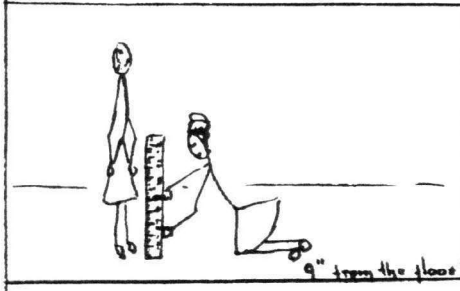
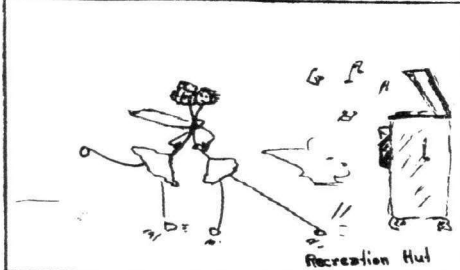
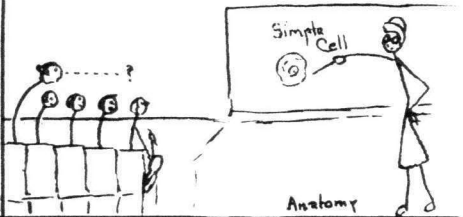
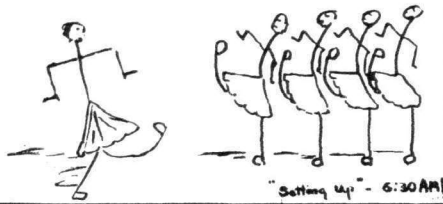
When the curtain again arose to show them in their various activities at Walter Reed, it was not for long; for the scenes now shifted fast. A month or two at the dear old Post, then down on District for four months, at St. Elizabeth's for two or three more months, and the course is finished.

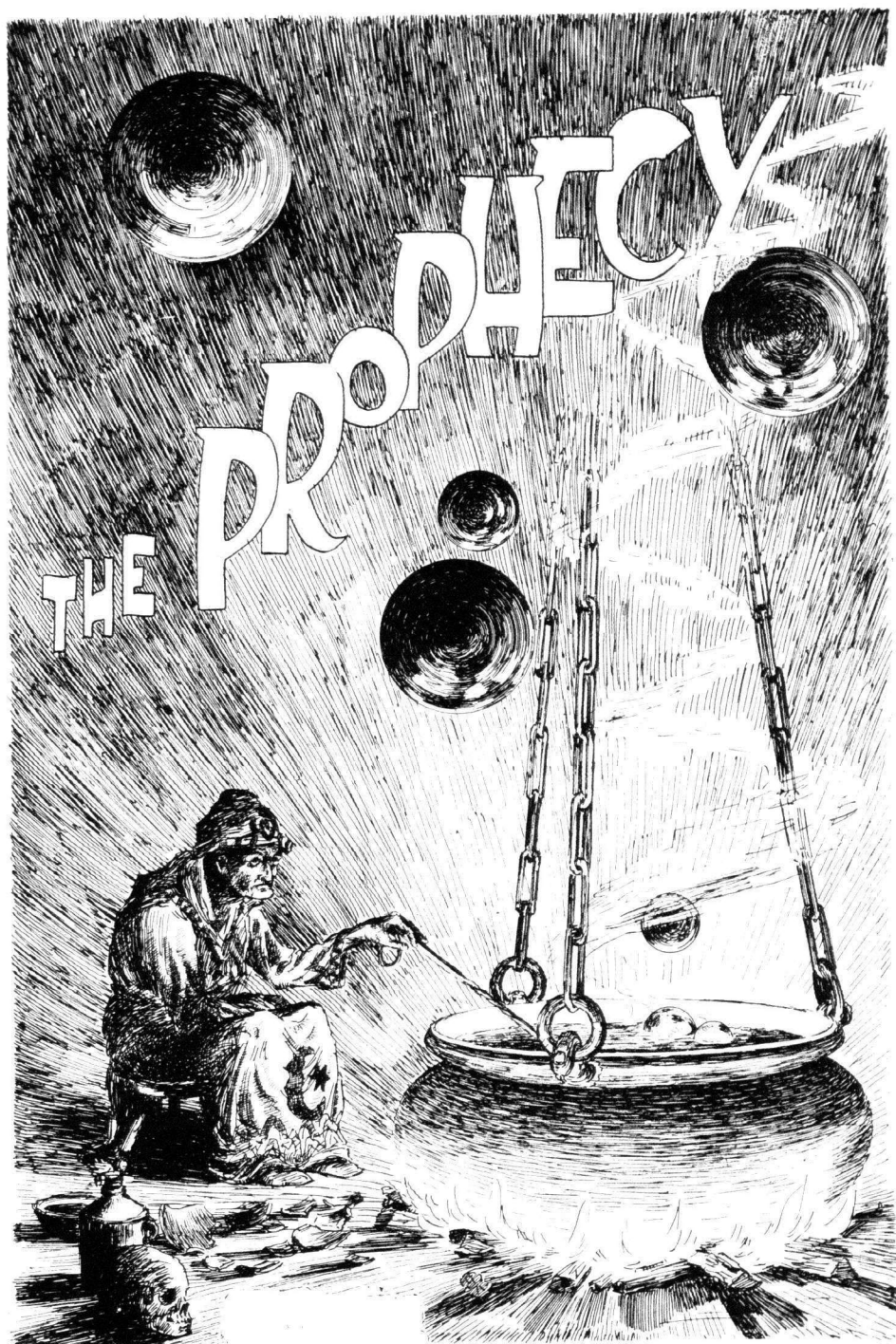
"Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history" is the Formal Garden at Walter Reed—a glorious June day, white uniforms, diplomas, students and graduates marching to the music of the Army Band, a short ceremony, the playing of the last Retreat, their three years are ended, and the final curtain falls.

As they go out into the world from whence they came, may they carry with them that faithfulness to duty, that spirit of service, which their tireless instructors, by precept and example, have taught them.

L. E. M. '27.

Proby Days







Class Prophecy

Washington, D. C.

May 5, 1940

NEWS ITEM

The Misses Dorothy Waldo and Phyllis Greaves, President and Vice-President of the American Nurses' Flying Corps, have started on an extensive trip, to gather up information as to the whereabouts of their classmates, graduated from the Army School of Nursing in the year 1927. They are driving a powerful plane, which is equipped with two enormous telescopes, a recent invention of Miss Lottie Murry's, with which can be seen the most minute particles, and have the power to penetrate even the opaque at an altitude of five thousand feet.

THUSLY

"Well, Phil, here we are up in the air again. Now wasn't it sweet of 'Phil' Mobus and 'Stell' to see us off. It certainly is fine to know that these two girls have at last attained what they have striven for, 'Phil' Chief nurse at W. R. G. H. and 'Stell' at the head of the Training School. And, say, haven't they turned out to be the lawlayers. Uniforms, six inches from the floor, hair nets always to be worn, shoes and hose to match, and all that. I can scarcely grasp it."

"Oh, 'Dot', grab your telescope and look down into the Surgeon General's office. If there isn't our own little 'Tiny'. Can you imagine her being Major Carpenter, Dean of the Army School of Nursing? She looks well in her uniform, don't you think?"

"Phil, you'd better take a last look at old Walter Reed, for it may be quite a time before we see it again."

"Dot, do you see what I see? 'Butch' in charge of Basement Supply. Do look at Kate Marsh, mopping off Colonel Eskin's brow. She's almost as ambi-dextrous as Miss Thompson used to be."

"Come on, Phil, put that plaything away for a few minutes. Let's run by old Philadelphia General. Isn't it nice that we don't have to follow the railroads?"

"Well, I declare, honey, there's Vivi Gallagher, in charge of Children's



Hospital. She loved it so much she just had to come back. Look at her opening up those mysterious blue packages. Philly General certainly has changed. Aren't those new buildings attractive?

"Why, there is Justine Trout, in Miss Clayton's old throne. Those girls certainly have stuck together well. We'd better step on it, 'Dot', so we'll be able to get to New York for lunch, and see some of the girls there. And say, how about lighting me a 'see-gar'."

"Sure, Phil, all the time. I do think I see 'Libby' holding a torch aloft, welcoming us. I did hear that they had torn down the old Statue of Liberty and installed 'Betty Laughry' in her stead. There she stands, enlightening the world. She was on Keith's Circuit with 'Kate' Mulliken, but 'Kate' ran off with Charlie Chaplin, and left 'Betty' alone, so she accepted the invitation extended by 'Nan' Dayhoff, who is now Mayor of New York, to brighten up New York Harbor."

"Dottie, dear, here we are over Greenwich Village, and there's 'Fran' Williams' Delicatessen—say, doesn't that look like 'Fitch's' Plane? She must have come down from Labrador. They say she's been around the world recently."

"Great heavens, it seems good to get down to solid ground again, 'Phil'. I s'pose we'll run into Frances eating again. Isn't it a cunning little place she has. Yes, she is eating, as per usual, and dear old 'Fitch' is having her share, too. How are you, 'Fran'? Give us a smack. Fitch, darling, you are looking splendidly. Heard you've been doing the world."

"Oh, yes, I've just returned from a trip, and my dear, you never could guess who I met over in China. I shan't keep you in suspense. 'Kirley' and 'Gin' are doing Missionary work over there, and their latest converts are Lord Chesterfield and Herbert Tareyton. And coming back I had a few moments with 'Bix'. She and Louise are at the head of the Navy Nurse Corps. At present 'Bix' is wildly in love with a modest sailor lad, and don't you know that 'Louise's' old Annapolis sweetheart is Captain of the ship. Not bad, eh?"

"Fran, who all are in New York now?"

"Let's see, the last I heard of 'Gravy' Satterfield she was with the Henry Street Settlement. She still has the same love for the pickaninnies. I believe she lives with Mabel Watkins, who was recently married. They are living in the J. Pierpont Morgan home. Some style? Let me think. Oh, yes, 'Nan' Mosely and Mary Carolyn have a lovely Modiste Shop. They have just imported some gorgeous Chinese silks. And yesterday I rode uptown with Lois Munroe. She is driving a cab now, says she wants to give nursing a rest. She told me that Althea Schaffer was scoring a huge 'hit' as a second Sophie Tucker. She sails for Europe next week, where she will entertain the royalty. 'Poly' Gary is going along as her chaperone."

"What ever became of Lucile Frantz?"



"She married soon after graduating, and, with her husband, went to the great open spaces, where they have made a huge success of cattle farming. In fact, they furnish most of the cattle for the Chicago stock yards."

"And oh, yes, Vivian Fisher has started a 'Model' Hospital. She and 'Mac' have made quite a name for themselves. They have a terrible time though, with their two sets of roguish twins."

"Say, 'Phil', hadn't we better be going pretty quick. We'll never get to California tonight, if we don't hurry."

"Just as you say, dear 'Dottie'. Good-bye, girls, we're off."

"Didn't it seem good to see the old gang, Phylis?"

"Absolutely. Brings me right back to old Quarters two days. What's that in front of us. Look! Why, it's an aeroplane home. Don't those girls resemble Charlotte and 'Peg'? Why it is they. I guess they must have married the boys and are still living in the clouds."

"Oh, Phil, I wonder what has happened to Mary and Claire?"

"Well, I think I heard a rumor that they had started a home for aged, indigent and respectable females. Five hundred dollars and a black silk dress. Can you imagine that?"

"Dorothy, here we are right over Chicago. Time certainly flies while reminiscing, doesn't it? I hope we see some of the girls that are here. Lonnie and Mert have a beauty parlor on Michigan Avenue, I think. Sure enough, there it is. I don't guess we'll have time to go down, but let's give them a look. There they are now, and I believe I recognize one of their customers."

"Phil, it is no one but Edith Halverson, having her face lifted. She took to writing novels a few years ago and has wiped Elinor Glyn off the map."

"There's 'Hull House', 'Dot', and by the way, 'Peg' Sherwood is at the head of the institution. I heard that she had several unhappy and unsuccessful marriages, and she and 'Eddie' Adams decided to go on with the work started there. And while I think of it, did you know that 'Ducky' Kangas had married the Prince of Wales?"

"No, I hadn't heard that, 'Phil'. Isn't it positively thrilling. Look at the plane coming towards us. My goodness, it's a Police plane. My dear, how that thing tore past us. I just had time to recognize the 'copper' as Claribel Zeigler. What a fine traffic cop. Oh, Phil, what is that mammoth building?"

"Why, 'Dottie', it says 'Calhoun Reducing Gymnasium'. Rosalie must have at last found a system of reducing. I'm not sure, but I heard that Christine Burton is in business with her."

"Look at those two girls hiking across country. The whole country has gone mad over hiking, and so many girls have adopted it as a profession. Say, those two are Selma Peterson and Scottie Robertson. I had no idea that those two would walk."

"We're nearing 'Peg' Goss's old home, Marion, Ohio, 'Dot'. Dear old



'Peg.' You know, she was disappointed in love, and has started an Orphanage. Isn't that noble?"

"Yes, 'Phil', it is; however, Helen is able to give her quite a bit of advice and information, for she has a brood of her own to look after. Wasn't she clever to fool the public? No one ever guessed she was married while in training."

"Isn't the country lovely around here, and will you look at that darling little chicken farm? I know that is 'Sen' Moore in the gingham dress and sunbonnet. So it is, and Leoma Whitehead is with her. What a clever idea, since they never were particularly fond of nursing."

"Well, dear, let's rush along, the sun is sinking, and we are due west. I'm just going to sit back and rest until we get to Denver."

"Here we are now. I'd love to see 'Bess'. She married the Commanding Officer at Fitzsimmons, and it seems that there was someone else out here. I believe it's Mary Major. She always did love the Army. I don't see them, so we'd better move along."

"We're passing over the 'Rockies'. We'll be hitting California soon. Hurrah! I see Los Angeles in the distance. Yes, here we are, and what is that mob? The speaker's face looks familiar. Why, that's no other than Amy McGowan. You know, I had heard that she succeeded Amy McPherson, and that millions were being converted. Well, Amy could do it."

"Will you look at that gorgeous new Theatre. The sign reads 'Johnson and Hodgkins Corporation' presenting 'Lucille Baker' in 'The Country Cousin.' I heard that she had outclassed Nazimova, and has broken up many a happy home. 'Johnnie' and 'Mert', I understand, own a string of Theatres and are coining enough money to start a Federal Reserve Bank. More power to them."

"Let's go down and surprise the girls, and thus end this marvelous trip."

A. E. K., V. M. S., 1927.



Class Will

EXECUTED by the Class of 1927, while presumably of sound mind and in good health:

Whereas The ANNUAL Board of Walter Reed in the year of their trouble, 1927, is about to say its good-byes, it does hereby leave to futurity these few memoirs:

ITEM I

To General Ireland our appreciation for the interest which he has always shown toward the Army School of Nursing.

To General Glennan our sincere affection and deep gratitude for his unfailing cooperation.

To General Kennedy our thanks for the spirit of good cheer and fellowship which he has created at Walter Reed.

To Major Stimson our appreciation for her keen insight and understanding of the problems of student nurses.

To Mrs. Flikke our fondest thoughts of a pleasant three years under her administration.

To Miss Tobin the comfort of knowing that in her we could always confide our troubles as well as our joys.

To Miss Melby the hope that she may always achieve the success and distinction which are rightly hers.

To Miss Taylor our appreciation of the hours which she has spent puzzling over our blue cards.

To Miss Thompson the memory which we cherish of our well spent hours in the operating room.

To the supervisors and instructors our gratitude for their untiring efforts to prepare us for our profession.

To the charge nurses and ward surgeons our heartiest thanks for their unceasing tolerance of our inexperience and their willingness to help us with our problems.

ITEM II

1. The bills for this ANNUAL to John D.
2. The Formal Garden at moonlight to the venturesome.
3. Cadusa to the I. V. N. S.
4. Our enviable ability, as displayed by this edition of the ANNUAL, to 1928.
5. Friday's fish, Walter Reed steaks, and chicken necks to the hungry.
6. The dormitory nursery to the Kentuckyites.
7. Our late leaves to those who can find any unused ones.
8. Our sputterings to those who "carry on."
9. What is left of our uniforms to those who think we haven't worked.
10. Our photographs to the Hall of Fame (upon request).
11. Our Editor's popularity and good disposition to no one—we refuse to let her part with them.
12. Phil Greaves' typewriter to one who lives in a soundproof cell.
13. Please omit—we are superstitious.



ITEM III

We hereby hand down to posterity a few of the relics which have been very dear to the members of the Class of 1927.

Lucile Baker and Fran Williams leave their monthly publication of the Decrah Gazette to Mildred Mischner.

Chris Burton leaves her well-groomed hair to Miss Lucas, if she thinks she can manage it.

Thelma Carpenter wills her earrings, those enormous yellow ones, to Miss Cottingham—may they be for her "Best."

Lonnie and Myrt Copenhaver leave their cold cream recipe to Ada Friend.

Rosalie Colhoun leaves her worries to Micky.

Vivian Fisher leaves the class dues to any one who can collect them. Try to do it!

Vivi Gallagher wills her Irish wit and cleverness to Dorothy Bradshaw.

Phil Greaves wants to leave her bedroom slippers to Bix Mo.

Edith Halverson wills her sophistication to Dits Corder.

Mary Carolyn Harris leaves her overworked eyes and her love of the North to Miss Flowers.

Mary Estelle Harder has decided to leave her Parenthesis Hose to Miss Evenson.

Clare Hennion wills her information concerning positions in Washington to the American Journal of Nursing.

Myrt Hodgkins leaves her ability to handle a situation gracefully to Regina Landgraff.

Helen Horton wills her good disposition to Frances Machen.

Ruth Johnson bequeaths her Titian Tints to Elsie Fields.

Alice Kirley wills her chic little white cap and thumb tack to stick in her head to Mary Turner.

Kate Marsh leaves the accumulation of her late leaves to Hazel Gaver.

Amy McGowan and Mary Watson leave their clever-mindedness and a dented tree in the formal garden to somebody, for they have no further use for them.

Winifred Mo deems it necessary to will Philadelphia General Hospital panes of glass to replace the ones she has kicked out of transoms.

Phyllis Mobus leaves her ability to get away with things to Ruth McDonough.

Nan Mosely leaves her Virginian accent to Lena Neely.

Lois Monroe wills her intellect, common sense, and her ability to keep up with the Jones's to Helen Hawkins.

Selma Peterson leaves her seat in the "Presidential Car" with regret.

Scottie Robertson wills her gorgeous red hair to Viola Reidle.

Peg Sherwood leaves her butter and egg men to the poor working girls.

Bess Sydnor wills her fondness for red to Hazel Bulifant.

Justine Traut leaves her boyish bob to Irma Lorentz.

Dot Waldo leaves some of her pep to Zetta Hinson.

Claribel Ziegler wills her devilishness to Geniveve Phillips.

And last of all, we will to the school our "boys" who have so patiently and trustingly placed themselves in our care.

A. E. K.,
V. M. S., '27.



The White House Parties

"Girls! Have you heard the grand and glorious news? We're all of us invited to a lawn party at the White House next Saturday afternoon."

"Bix" Mo, stop your fooling us. Now why in the world would we be invited to attend a lawn party at the White House?"

"No, really, I'm serious about it, Alice. It seems that every year the President and his wife give a lawn party for the boys out here, and the nurses, both graduate and student, are also invited. I think it's a lovely idea myself, and you know that not so many people get such an opportunity. You'll all go, won't you?"

"Why, I'd really love to go, 'Bix,' but I have nothing suitable to wear. You know just what my wardrobe contains."

"Listen, Sen, the 'what you wear' doesn't even need a thought, for we will have to wear our full uniform. Imagine the beautiful picture we'll make, dotting the White House lawn with blue. I can scarcely wait until I write home about it."

"Kids, I think it's the nicest thing I've heard of for a long time. What a kick mother and dad will get out of it, and Lucille, you know the Decorah Bugle will never get over it."

"They say they have clever entertainers, and this year I think it is going to be Tom Mix and his pet horse, and you know, Lonnie, that you have always wanted to see a real movie hero. And, of course, our transportation is taken care of. The Red Cross are furnishing enough cars to take everyone down to the White House and back home again. There is always a receiving line, and everyone of us gets a chance to shake hands with both the President and his wife. Please all try to attend, won't you?"

"I know we'll have a wonderful time."



The Value of Psychiatric Training to Student Nurses

The study of psychiatry is becoming more and more important in the field of nursing. The greatest number of individuals that are sick today are those that are affected with mental illness, therefore the nurse should understand some of the elementary principles of psychiatry to deal with this type of patient.

Up to a few years ago the field of psychiatric nursing was quite limited; those that had experience along this line were very few. They included only those connected with mental institutions. At present practically all schools of nursing include psychiatry as part of the regular curriculum. Those schools that do not possess a mental ward affiliate for this work with some mental institution. Today this branch of medicine represents one of the most important fields of nursing, therefore it is essential that all nurses, no matter whether their field of special endeavor be limited to psychiatry or not, should have some fundamental knowledge of mental mechanisms so that patients coming under their observation and care may receive the greatest benefit.

Not so long ago the nursing of mentally ill patients was confined to sanatoria and institutions, but today a nurse must be capable of caring for these patients in homes as well as in hospitals.

The study of psychiatry not only affords a nurse opportunity to care for mentally ill patients, but also tends to broaden her knowledge as regards human behaviour and the various reaction types of individuals which one could not obtain without this study. Aided by this knowledge she can help her patient, not only physically, but mentally as well.

A large number of patients receiving treatment today are so-called borderline cases. A nurse that understands this group of patients can many times assist in averting an impending psychosis. For example, a patient suffering from some severe or chronic medical or surgical condition may be prone to develop neurasthenia. The nurse that lacks psychiatric training, although she may be proficient in all other spheres, will obviously fail to render to her patient the utmost good, inasmuch as she cannot offer the reassurances and diversions which are at times so essential in preventing the development of morbid conditions of the mind.

A nurse must not only be familiar with bodily functions, but should also understand the mental intricacies which make up an individual. One may comprehend



thoroughly the science of surgical and medical nursing, but without some knowledge of psychic disorders she cannot do for the patient all she should.

My short observations of mentally ill patients at St. Elizabeth's have been of the utmost value and have helped me to judge and weigh more carefully human personalities. Prior to my arrival here my conception of psychiatric hospitals in general was that of dread, but my ideas of this have become entirely altered after coming in contact with the patients here.

Previously I was pervaded with a sense of fear and imagined all sorts of terrible things. In my mind I had thoughts of padded cells, strait jackets, and other forms of appliances employed to hold the mentally ill in restraint. This apparently is untrue, as I found the care and attention given the psychotic individual in many cases superioir to that afforded those mentally sound.

One would not gain this conception unless she actually came in contact with patients. It is only from the study of the mental processes of these individuals that a true conception of human action and behaviour can be acquired.

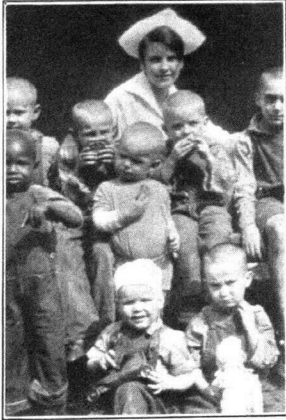
The field of psychiatry offers today a most interesting career for nurses, especially in its relation to child welfare clinics, social hygiene, and public health nursing. A nurse may be called at any time, even in private nursing, to care for a mentally ill patient. It is, therefore, indispensable that she have some knowledge of the fundamentals of psychiatry.

M. C. H., '27.





MISS S. LILLIAN CLAYTON
Chief Nurse, Philadelphia General Hospital



Blockley

*Was there ever a dirge more dismal
Than the clang of the Blockley bell
That rang so surely each morning
Its waking tale to tell?*

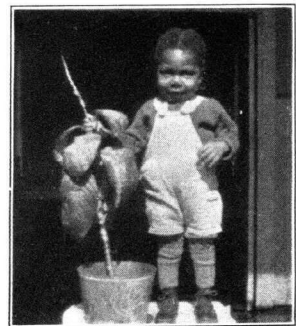
*A rushing and scuffling to breakfast,
And down it went in haste,
Then to Maternity, to Children's,
To D. O. W.—not a moment to waste.*

*Babies—white ones and black ones,
Women of two colors, too,
All claimed our morning attention
As we tried to change their hue.*

*The babies seemed the more popular,
Especially so with Miss Fitch.
She still has a black little souvenir
And it's just as black as pitch.*

*On Children's—remember the paper—
The blue—that meaningful blue?
The rough-necks up on infectious,
And the things you had to do?*

*The horrors of "skin" may have called you
Where dirt seemed to reign galore,
Or perhaps 'twas Children's Surgical
Away up on the third floor.*



*Remember the night calls that woke you
Out of the soundest sleep.
When you had to rush to Maternity
And those steps seemed—oh—so steep?*

*And what did we do with our hours—
The two long ones off duty each day?
Well, we longed for Walter Reed sunshine
And a place out-of-doors to play.*

*And classes—we had them aplenty,
Pediatrics and Obstetrics, too,
Miss Clayton's Professional Problems,
An outside lecture or two.*

*Our joys, tho' 'twas Blockley, were many;
And now as together we sit,
We laugh over jokes and misfortunes
As we search our memories a bit.*

*The Waffles—they were delicious;
The garden holds many tho'ts, too;
The movies, the Manderin, also,
Brightened days inclined to be blue.*

*Tho' we wouldn't want to do it again,
There was a joy in it all.
We're glad we went to Blockley,
It has a place in our Memory's Hall.*

R. D. J.



Children's Hospital P. G. H.



Mable



Observation



Helen



Baby Ward



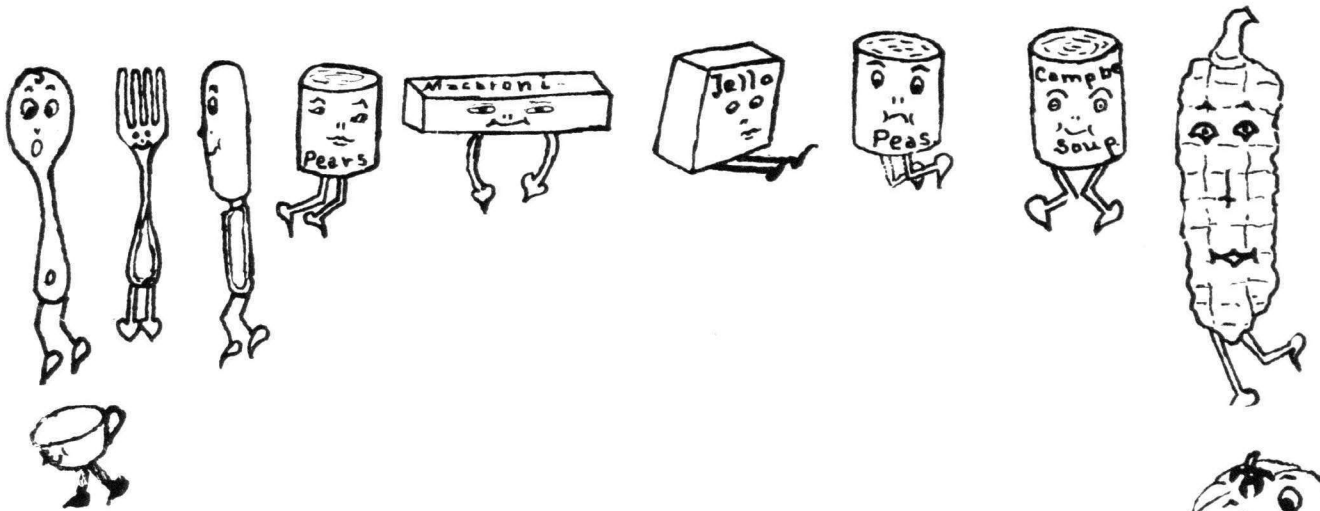
Myrtle



Milk Lab.



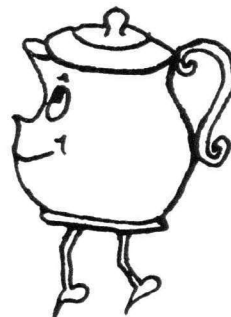
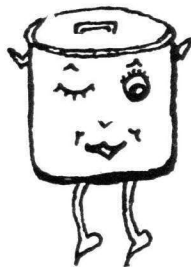
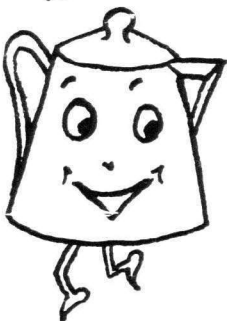
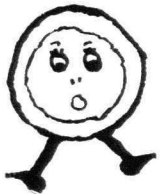
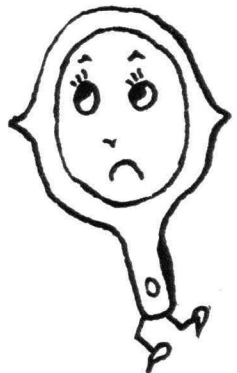
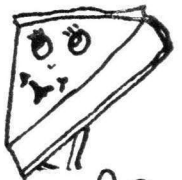
Injections

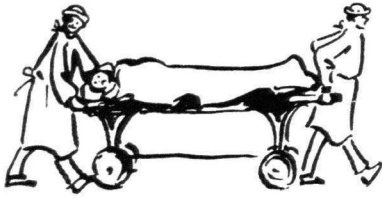


Diet Kitchen

D stands for diets, so we've heard tell,
 I is for ice cream, the boys love so well;
 E Oh, those eggs, noon, morning and nite.
 T are the trays, and they must be served right.

K is for K. P., all snowy and white,
 I is for ice box, 'cept on Saturday a sight.
 T for tomatoes, a genuine treat,
 C for the chow cart, so shiny and neat.
 H for the hash—that left-over meat.
 E endless toil, we've all had our share;
 N for the nurse, be thankful she's there.





The E. N. T. Clinic

*Here's to a month spent in the E. N. T.
Where people from tonsils are set free,
And many patients come with colds in the head,
Leaving, sometimes, with a wish they were dead.*

*It's a nice old place, and we all did share
In the tortures of learning to thread a snare.
And a sponge here, Miss, and a sponge, Miss, there—
If you weren't quick, how they would rare.*

*In the clinic sometimes you'd stay all day,
And watch them give an Aspirin Spray,
You'd block many ears, at a given sign,
While the Majors whispered "Ninety-nine."*

*We all learned in the same old way,
The meaning of "Sub Mucus," "Mastoid" and T. & A."
So you see we felt from head troubles free,
When we left the good old E. N. T.*

V. S., '27.



A Glimpse In The Operating Room

Operations posted

Packs undone

Everyone

Ready

Anaesthetic begun.

Time posted

Instruments click

Needles threaded

Gotta be quick.

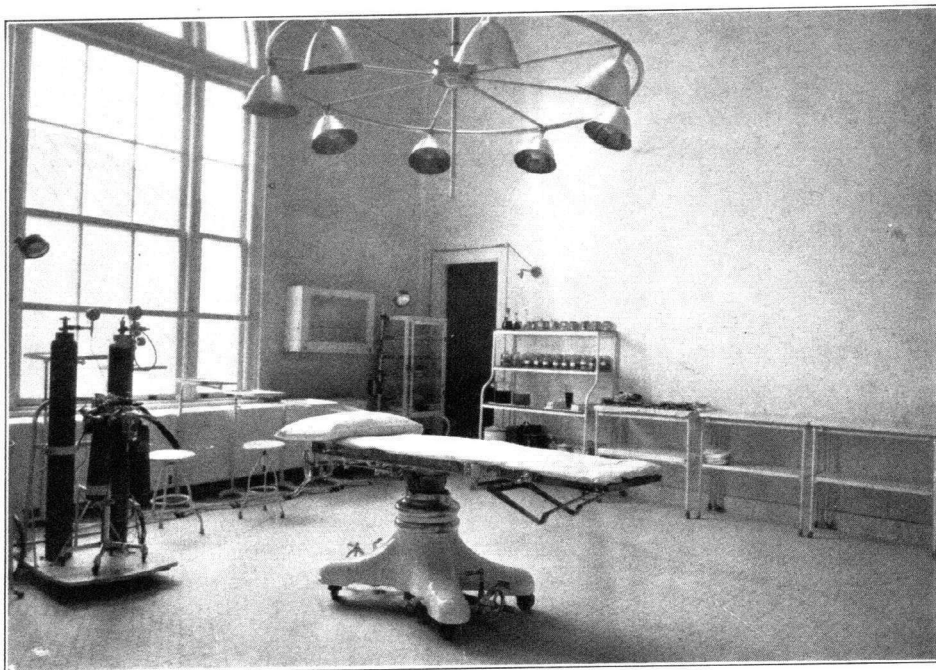
Repair of wounds

Obstructions galore

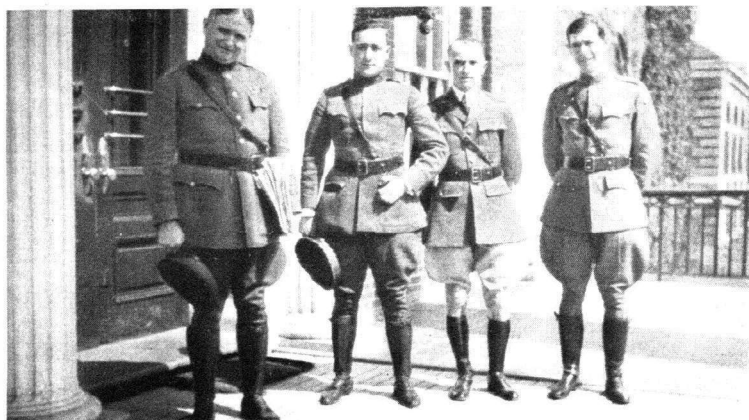
Open reductions—and

Many more.





THE OPERATING ROOM



COLONEL KELLER AND ASSISTANTS



A Day of Public Health Nursing



Miss Rood

"Oh, Myrt, there goes the last Anacostia car. Now we'll have to transfer at Florida Avenue or be late. Dear, why did I have to eat that extra piece of toast for breakfast? Miss Rood doesn't like for us to be late, either, and besides, I have charts galore to fill out. My fountain pen ran dry on that hourly service case yesterday. Here comes a Center Market Car. You don't have two pennies, do you, Vivian? Don't bother, use an extra token. It's too bad those girls were late that morning they rode out to Arlington in the ambulance, and Miss Bowling refused to let them be transported in it, after that.

"A tiresome ride, did you say, Kate? Why not be high hat like Betty and refuse to patronize the street cars? Eleventh and Pa. Avenue, Chris? Kate, Kate, ring the bell!"

"Good morning, Miss Rood" in undertone to Scottie) Gee, which one of us do you suppose will draw a Supervisor today? My bag is all ready now. S'pose I'd better get the Tycos for that pre-natal on Half Street, hasn't been seen this month. She may have twins by this time."

"Miss McKeown's going with Helen, is she, Louise? (with a sign of relief). Supervisors are a great help. They induce us to keep to the standards, and to carry out good technique, but whew, what a relief that she didn't go with me today. They say Pierce really enjoyed having one with her last week. She had that paralytic, who hadn't changed his underwear this winter, and Miss McKeown just pitched in and helped Mary take off his shirt. Afterwards, Miss McKeown complimented her upon her excellent technique.

"Gee-hosophats. It's nine o'clock. Let's go. Can you walk a few blocks with me, Claribel? Two maternities, a pneumonia case and a pre-natal visit. Well, try to meet me at Sherrils at one o'clock.

"Whew! This is a dark stairway. My, Mrs. Johnson, it is cold in here for this baby. I'll just kindle a fire, it will be warm enough soon. Should you give him a teaspoon of Epsom Salts? No, that is rather strong for one of his size. Have you been giving him water every day? No? Remember



that you were told to give it to him an hour before his feedings and every other time that he cries. If that doesn't help him, we'll ask the doctor about him. Oh, yes, and did you drink your eight glasses of water, and eat that spinach your husband brought home? Now you watch me bathe Rastus. Whatever made you call him that? Oh, after his Father? You can bathe the little rascal tomorrow, yourself. What a precious healthy little chap he is. Yes, his eyes are O. K. Do you suppose he's gained a pound? Soon you can take him out in the sunshine. Isn't it a beautiful day, but cold? Well, try to have a fire tomorrow.

"Let's see, that surgical case is on Sixth street. Here it is, 604. It surely is a joy to do this dressing, Mrs. Western. You are so appreciative. The wound is healing, and no infection. This is the tenth day after your operation, isn't it? I beg your pardon? Oh, doctors and nurses do wonders—oh yes, they are all right. Whoop-ee, my hat feels tight after that—see you tomorrow."

Well, my last case this morning is finished. It was only a precaution to save that diphtheria case until last. Let's see, two maternities, one dressing, a pneumonia patient and a diphtheria case. Five altogether this morning. Guess it's about time to eat. Fifteen more minutes and I'll meet Leoma at Sherrills.

Hi, Longlegs—oh, there's Carolyn, too. One of your patients had twins, Peg! The George Washington medics had oiled and dressed them? That was a help. Yes, Miss Bowling lectures this afternoon, but it's interesting not only to hear her, but to watch her expression, isn't it, Phil?

Here's Brightwood, girls, and not one of you has had a chance to get a word in edgeways. Cheerio, Walter Reed at last. All tired but happy. Wonder if Dot's mother sent her dear daughter a line today.

"Something attempted, something done,

Has earned a night's repose."



St. Elizabeth's



T last the list for St. Elizabeth's was posted. The next few days passed quickly and early one morning the ambulances were at the Recreation Hut and we scrambled in with handbags, suitcases and hat boxes. Our excitement was mingled with sadness because it was to be the last affiliation of our training school days, for, after all, we enjoyed our affiliations and would not have missed them for anything.

Soon after our arrival we were met by Miss Young, one of our own Walter Reedites, and we felt very much at ease. Miss Young ushered us into the presence of Miss Haydon, also a former Walter Reed student, and we continued to feel quite at home. After a few necessary instructions and *warnings* the keys we had heard so much about were fastened around our waists and we were given our assignments. That first day we were hardly on duty long enough to get ourselves adjusted and begin classes, but by the end of the second day we had become pretty well used to the routine.

How interesting and different our "cases" were from those we had been accustomed to caring for. We found many that aroused our pity and were thankful for those who afforded us a "kick" to relieve the tension. We absorbed them all and never tired of observing or studying them, from the excited maniacs on "Q" to the more or less tame and thoroughly enjoyable ladies in "L." We had many discussions and arguments in the nurses' home and decided that if one's mechanisms must go awry how much happier must life be if, out of the jumble and haze, there arose grandiose ideas rather than ideas of persecution.

The period of our affiliation came all too soon to a close. We would have liked so much to have been assigned to more wards and to have heard more lectures

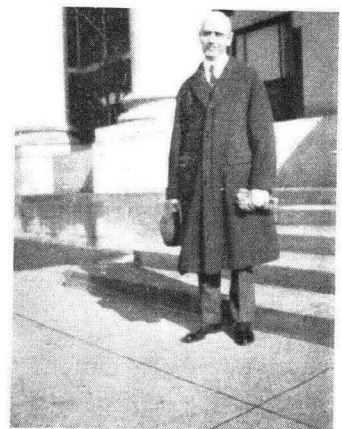


from Dr. Noyes and the other lecturers. We almost regretted that it did not take a writ of habeas corpus to get us released, in which event it is doubtful if we would have applied, at least not quite so soon. But though the time had been so short, it had given us only a vague idea of those vast subjects, "psychiatry" and "psychology," we came away with a much better understanding of human behavior than we heretofore possessed.

To the nurses, aides, and attendants on the various wards we owe much for their willingness to answer the questions we asked and explain many things we did not understand; to Miss Hayden and Miss Young go our thanks for their kindness and understanding in granting our many requests for favors of all description, and to Mrs. Bruce our appreciation of her never-failing consideration, especially on those numerous occasions when her good-nature prompted her to climb three flights of stairs to tell us we had a call or caller because the strains of a ukelele, Victrola or some other instrument of torture, or possibly the rendition of vocal selections (not by inmates of nearby wards, but of the nurses' home) made it impossible for her gentle voice to be heard calling from the first floor.

The Christmas party, a few nights before we left, will remain in "the storehouse of our mind" to be "recalled at will" as a happy end to our short but pleasant and profitable sojourn at St. Elizabeth's.

A. M., '27.





School Song

*To the Army School of Nursing,
With joy we sing thy praise,
In fellowship unequalled
Our voices now we raise.
May we our lives enoble
In service rendered thee
And cherish every moment
We spent at Walter Reed.*

*Now there are men who are soldiers
And the Army Nurse Corps, too,
Who give their lives in service
To the red, the white, the blue;
But we are student nurses
And our hearts will ever be
Beating for the Army
With love and loyalty.*

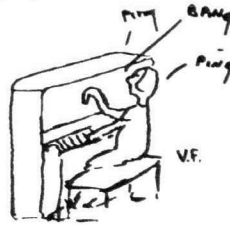
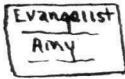
Class Song

Tune: Tonight You Belong to Me

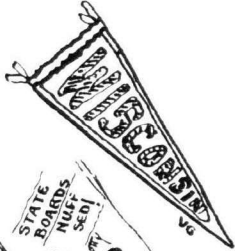
*After three years of fun,
Our real work has begun,
Walter Reed, good-bye to you;
And tho' we'll be apart,
You're a part of our heart,
Walter Reed, good-bye to you;
We remember the day
We all came this way,
What fun we've had here together;
Tho' we'll be gone
Our thoughts will linger on,
Army School, we'll be true to you.*



Gangs All Here



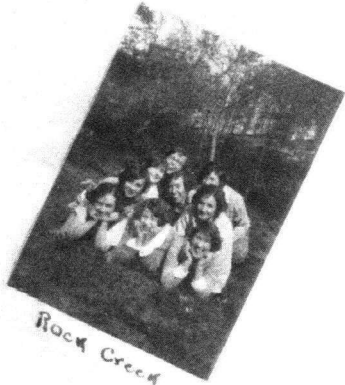
Lot's Plans didn't materialize



Proby Days



In the garden



Rock Creek



Posing After class



A Two



Gardening



Peggy



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Our Garden



O, we'll never forget our beautiful Formal Garden. How we all loved it, and what fond memories it brings to us. We'll always remember the broad path, under the arbor, the little fish-pond, where we sat for hours at a time, and, perchance, took a few snaps, and those wide, white steps leading from the hillside down into the heart of the Garden.

The wonderful thing about our Garden is that it is a thing of beauty the whole year round—in the Springtime, with the Cherry Blossoms giving it the appearance of a little Japanese Garden; in the Summertime when the arbor is covered with pink and white roses, yes, roses throughout the entire Garden; in the fall, when the leaves are turning red and brown, and the Golden-rod, sprinkled here and there, gives it a delightful glow; and in the wintertime when the snow descends like a soft white blanket, covering the dainty flowers and bending the bushes low, we love it.

Would that we could take it with us.

V. S., '27.



A Poem

*We can't believe it, but it's so
That it was three short years ago
We came to Walter Reed.*

*We were a bunch of timid girls
And Connie wore her hair in curls
When we came to Walter Reed.*

*We had Dix uniforms of blue
That are faded now to a very light hue
When we came to Walter Reed.*

*Our Probie days quickly passed,
We received our little white cap at last
One day at Walter Reed.*

*Summer days brought us many a lark.
Remember those hikes in Rock Creek Park
While here at Walter Reed.*

*To Philly we went, the short and the tall,
To take care of mothers and babies so small,
Six months from Walter Reed.*

*When we came back we were so busy,
With I. V. N. S., and also St. Lizzies.
But we visited Walter Reed.*

*The Operating Room seemed so very unique,
'Twas there we learned our perfect technique
In our last year at Walter Reed.*

*Miss Melby decided to Yale she'd go
To teach the students there, and so
Miss Tobin took her place.*

*Our time is nearly through, but oh,
We hate to think that soon we go
Away from Walter Reed.*

*No matter how far away we go,
I'm sure we'll all be thinking, so
"I'm homesick for Walter Reed."*

V. S., '27.



Charmed Caps



Lonnie



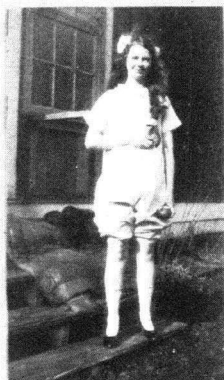
AT Enset



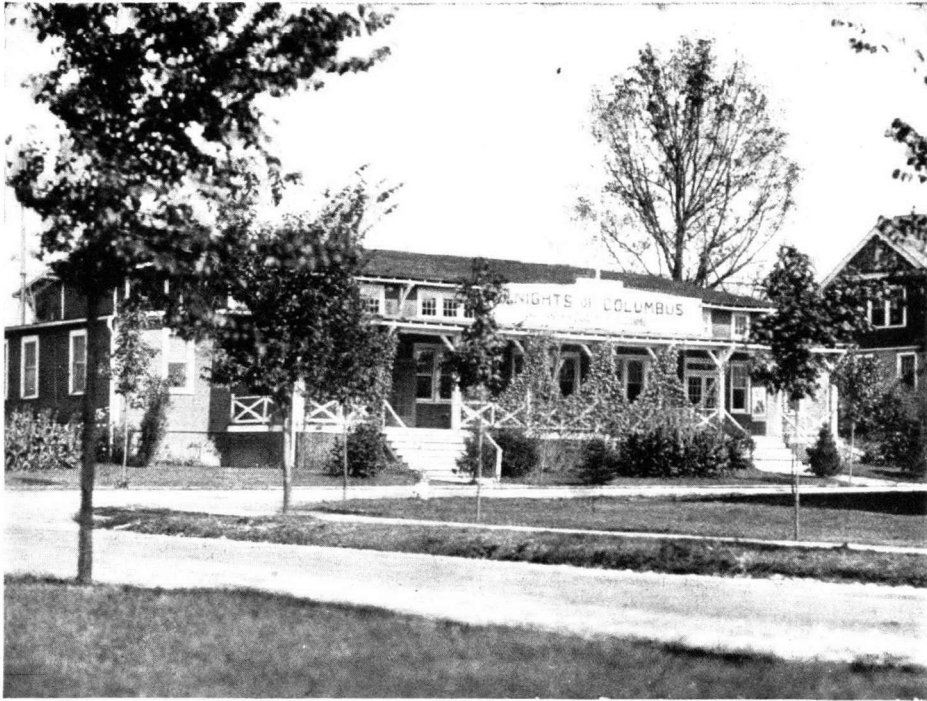
Professional - ?



Kid's party



First Prize

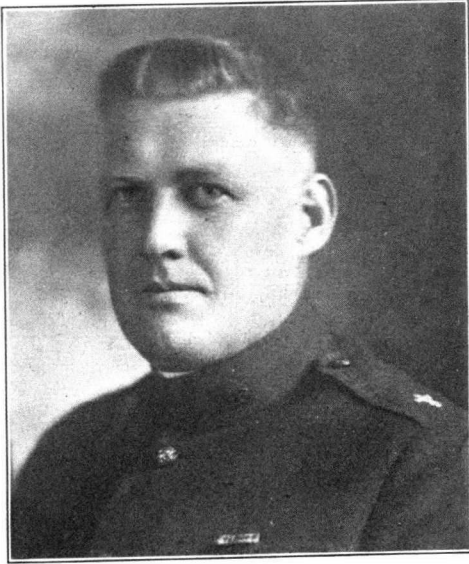


THE K. OF C.



OUR LIBRARY

Greetings:- Class of 1927



CHAPLAIN A. C. OLIVER, JR.

In thinking of what I might say of value to you, there came to mind a little poem called "Four Things" by my old English professor of Princeton University, Dr. Henry Van Dyke. I have taken the liberty of paraphrasing it in your honor, for I believe in you and feel that each one in this class will live this poem.

Four Things

Four things a nurse must learn
to do
If she would make her record
true:
To *think* without confusion
clearly;
To *love* her patients most sin-
cerely;
To *act* from honest motives
purely;
To *trust* in God and Heaven
securely.
Sincerely your friend,

A. C. OLIVER, JR.,
Chaplain, U. S. Army.



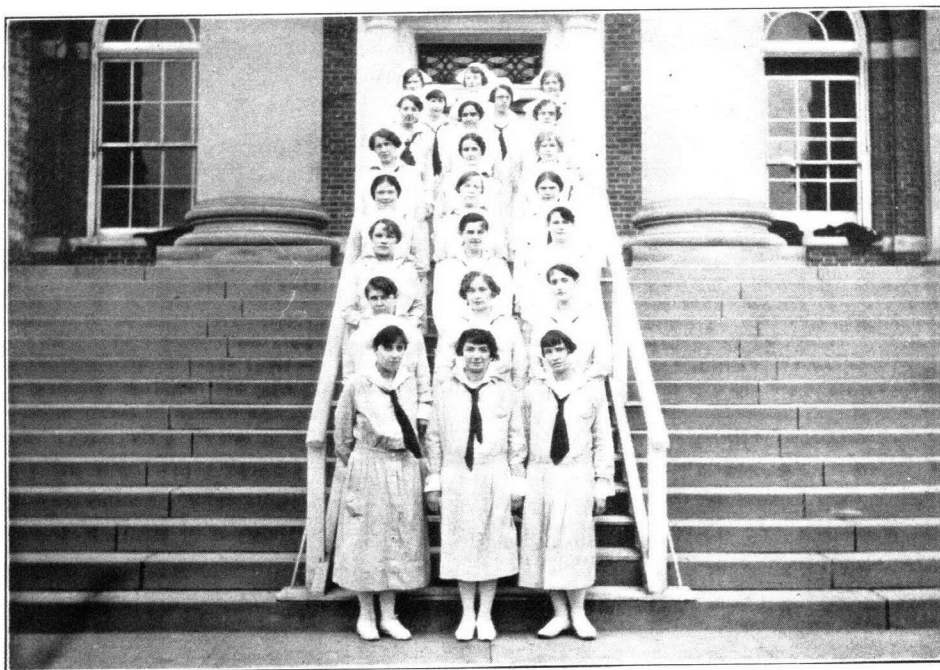
THE Y. M. C. A.



QUARTERS TWO



QUARTERS ONE



THE CLASS OF 1928



Class of March, 1928



REEZY? Yes, the day was when we arrived at Walter Reed—perhaps some of the members of the class were too—but it didn't take very long to get the "wind taken out of their sails" (too bad it couldn't have been transferred to some of the less breezy members). To this end there were many contributing forces. Setting up exercises made a deep impression; they came so early on clear, cold mornings. After imbibing heavy meals of Anatomy and all the attendant trials until May 18, we were considered sufficiently sophisticated to go on the wards. None of us will soon forget those first days. Remember the little "Morning Toilet Baskets"?

The next important event was the Capping Party with its usual thrills, General Glennan, etc.

Then very soon Cupid came to invade our little band with the result that Edith Gray was permanently transferred to the Army. Lyons and "Jackie" Bonner were the next to depart under Cupid's spell. Fulton left—ditto Wismer and B. Gray.

Of course there were many more events, trials, failures, mistakes, faux pas, etc., which perhaps would not warrant a place in the annals of the class.

Exit Spivey!

Our first Christmas was a great thrill. We will long remember the scramble we had fixing that tree in Quarters 7, moored to the ceiling and every other available stronghold—while some of the less husky members climbed to the top to attach the "Star of Bethlehem."

Just after the joys of Christmas our hearts were made sad by the resignations of Sallie Reynolds and Betty Myer.

We started the New Year with renewed determination, knowing that the Cart, Diet Kitchen and Clinic confronted us—remember those days?

The compensation for all our troubles came when we went on leave—most of us for the first time. What a joy to be home again! But ere the time came to return we were just as eager to get back to Walter Reed, for by this time we had learned to love it as we did no other place in the world.

The Fall brought its usual events—new students, Thanksgiving, more classes, more responsibility, more knowledge, dances, and cold weather. But to us it brought Blockley! My such a scramble as we had the day we set forth, rushing to catch the train—but we didn't realize what a scramble it really had been until, when half way to "Philly" we discovered Ferguson hanging to the rear coach, frantically clutching a claim check.

Our sojourn at Blockley was a revelation! We learned many things of which we had never dreamed. But in our mad rush for knowledge we did not fail to note and appreciate the kindness and consideration of Miss Clayton—the faculty—the girls—and we made many real attachments.

The day finally arrived when we should return to Walter Reed to resume our duties—all anticipating night duty—which came to most of us.

And here our history ends!

H. M. H., Class of '28.



THE CLASS OF 1928



The "Army 47"



UT of the silence rang the bugle call. Immediately on this night of September 30, 1926, the majority of the "Army 47" sat up straight in their little white beds. Ejaculations came in from all sides "What's that?"—"A fire?"—when someone very comfortingly remarked: "Well, girls, we are in the Army now." I have thought of that every time since, when I have gotten one of these caduceu-ed bed spreads on upside down.

Major Stimson aptly termed us the "Army 47"—this new Army model drew from all parts of our country its individual units. We were routinely I. Q.'ed, Schicked, shot, and immunized. As a class we fulfilled every tradition of the "probey" and established a good many more. Being naturally an observing group, we soon learned that: there were no "seconds" on desserts, that Miss Schulte demanded a towel for a towel and a pillow slip for a pillow slip; that night nurses are light sleepers; and that some individuals were not playful enough to appreciate a friendly race to the nearest door and a gentle shove to help them out of the way. We soon began to function as a class. Our class officers are: Misses Olson, Wilson, Grieves, and Phillips.

Then, as probies will do, we studied.

I have wondered if our supervisors never read the advertisements as maybe they are from Missouri; anyhow, none of them seem to have the "you just know she wears them" complex when it comes to hair nets.

Our caps proved so enhancing at first that we couldn't afford to remove them on retiring. After having had them about a week, we managed to manipulate their balance and a befitting professional expression simultaneously.

Everyone has been most sympathetic and helpful, after six months here we are all enthused and think our school is unsurpassed. We do appreciate the time, effort, and patience which has been so unstintingly given us. Of course, we are very new and everything is yet to be accomplished.

May we fulfill the expectations and live up to the standards and traditions of Walter Reed.

D. E. B., '29.



The Class of 1930



BECAUSE we are a class of eleven, we have been able to talk among ourselves about the message we wish to send you. We are glad of this chance to tell all of you how much we appreciate this school which we have just entered. We feel that it is mostly gratitude that we wish to express—gratitude that we may be under broad-minded instructors who are keeping up to the last minute in all that they pass on to us—gratitude that we may serve those who have served us.

Our school days have been very busy but even so we have had time to enjoy many activities—the tea given in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Marvin and the new students; the dance that the Senior class gave so soon after our arrival; the March Birthday party to which we were invited and the tea at which we met Miss Calvert—all of which made us very happy.

We also wish to thank you, the Alumnae of this school who have gone before and paved the way for us who follow. You have each made your class better than the one before you and we shall try to do the same.

ELYSABETH EVENSEN.



Hours Off Duty



Proby Days



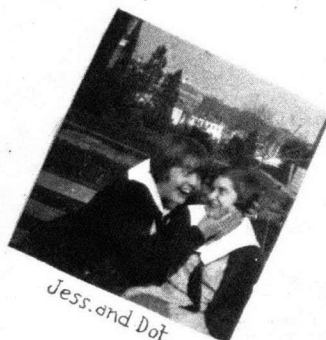
Everbody Happy? Yea



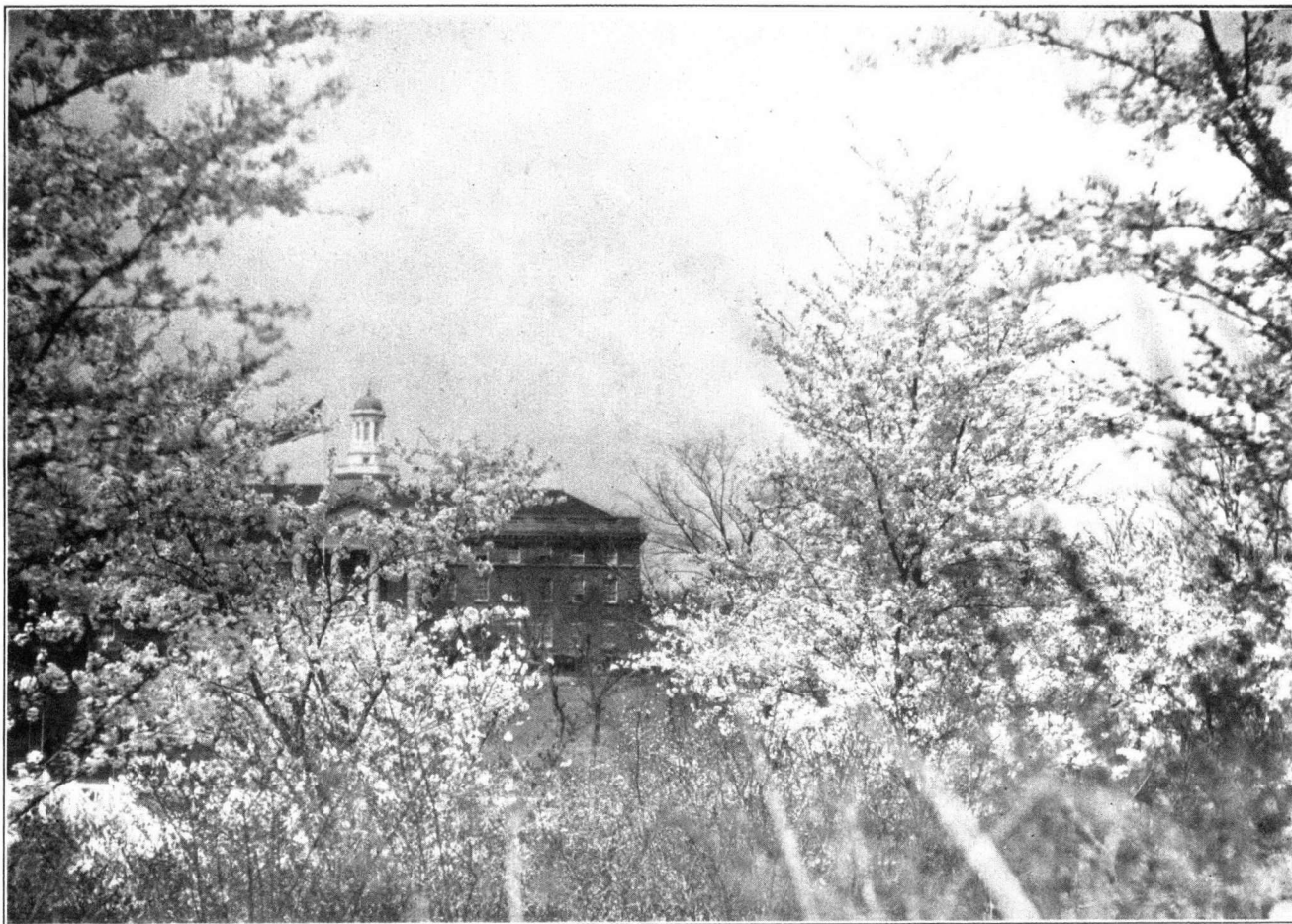
Johny and Rosalie



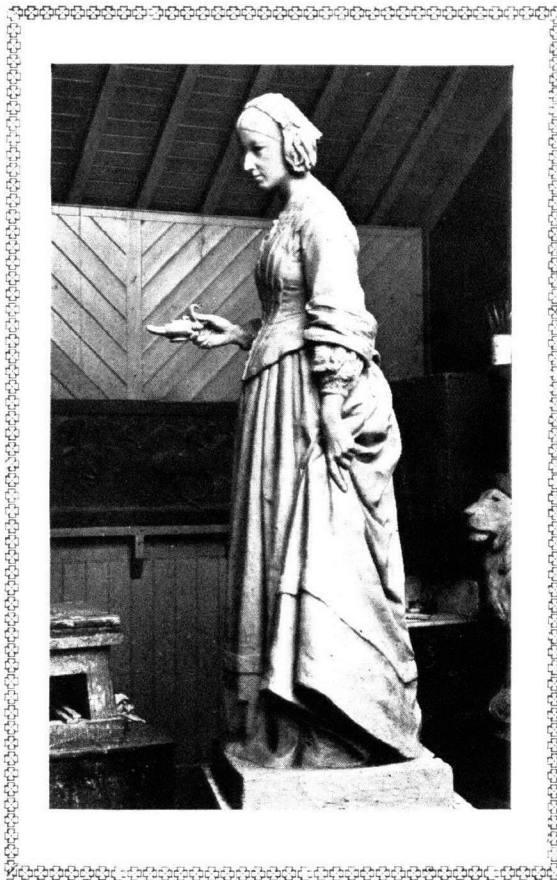
Selma Behind
The Cactus



Jess. and Dot.

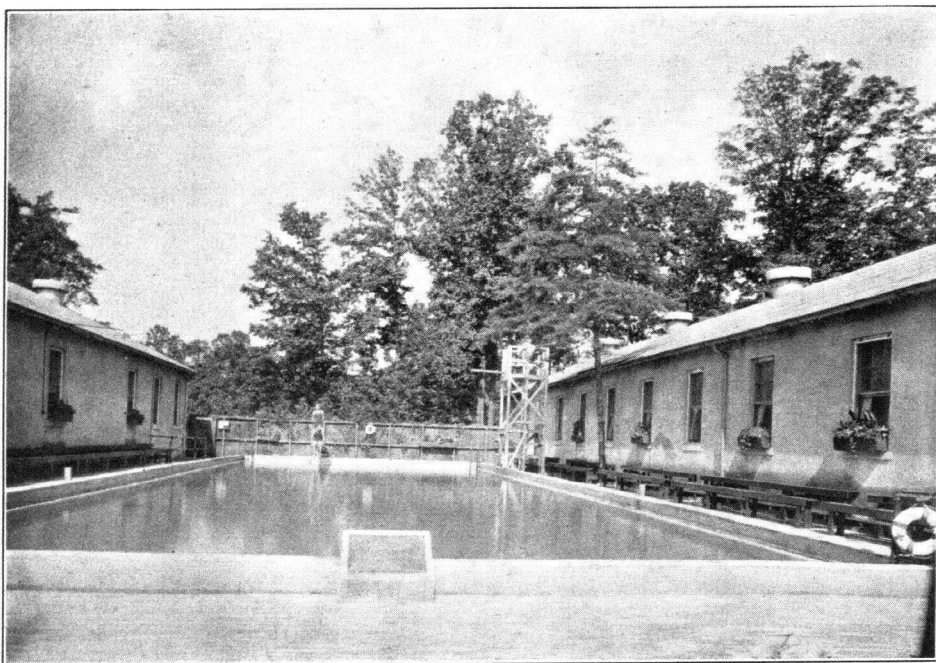


THE MAIN BUILDING THROUGH THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS

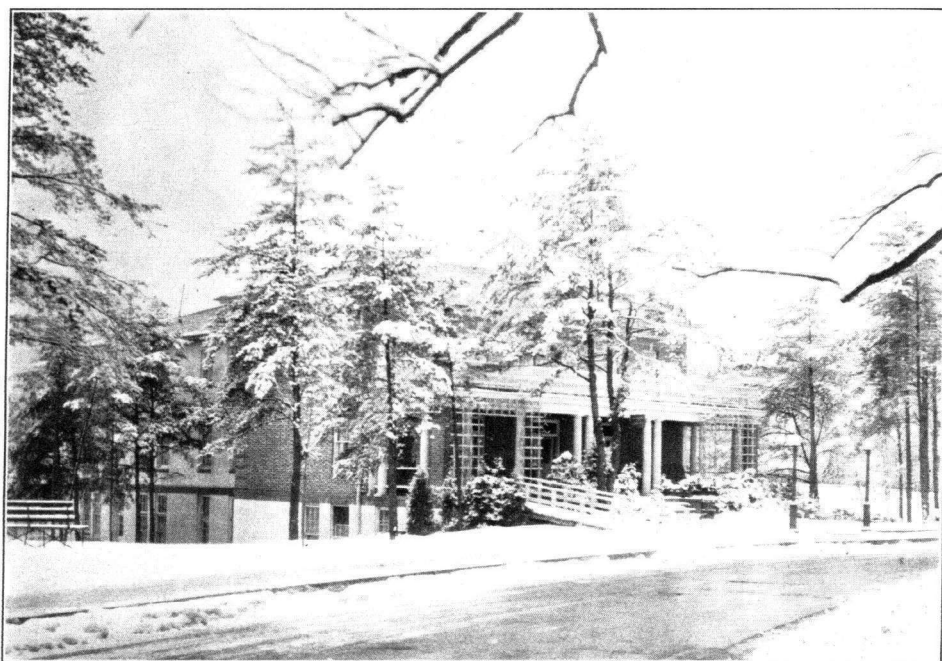


The Florence Nightingale Pledge

"I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."



THE POOL

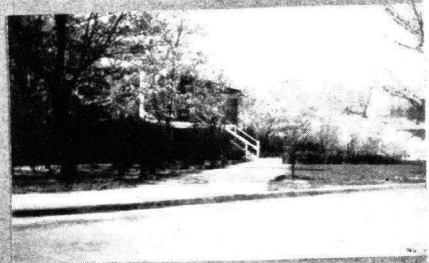
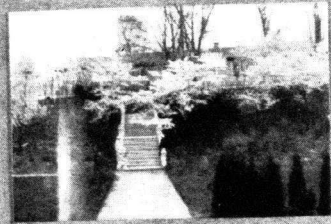
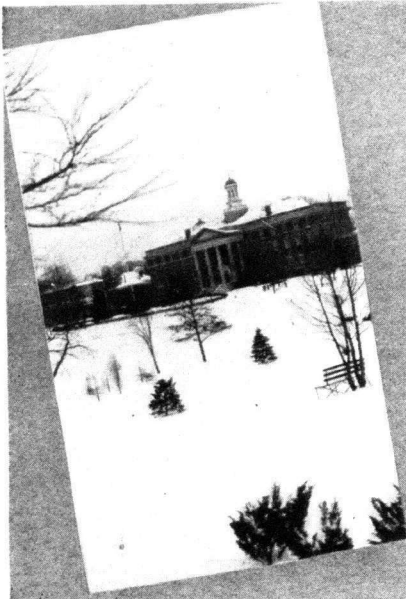


THE SERVICE CLUB



A. S. N. Vocabulary

- "A"—An act of Providence.
 B—Bluff—A clever attempt to hide what you know.
 C—Cuts—Incisions resulting from surgical wounds removing obnoxious classes.
 D—Dead—Serious conditions resulting in week ends.
 E—Exams—Examinations—see Xams.
 F—Flunk—An acute disease subjecting victim to another climate.
 G—Georgia Avenue—Eastern boundary of W. R. G. H.
 H—Hygiene—A study in health, happiness, and hysteria.
 I—Intuition—What every student needs.
 J—Juniors—People who have spent four months at W. R. G. H. and are just beginning to realize what it's all about.
 K—Kosy Korners—Attractive resting places in the recreation hut.
 L—Love—Another disease—very communicable.
 M—Mathematics—A science dealing in Materia Medica, Drugs and Solutions.
 N—Night Duty—Most any month when days are nights and nights are days.
 O—Orderlies—White garbed soldiers in disguise.
 P—Probys—Small minute species visible by the use of a microscope.
 Q—Quarters—A collective noun meaning home, mess, recreation and rest.
 R—Rock Creek—U. C. Reservation bounding the western edge of W. R. G. H.
 S—Seniors—The only students exempted from roll call.
 T—Telephone—An instrument of communication between 8 and 10 P. M.
 U—Useless bacteria that must be pondered over.
 V—Vim, Vigor and Vitality.
 W—Wards—or work—Same as fatigue and sore feet.
 X—Xams—Related to Xmas—very popular with all.
 Y—York Theatre, 20-cent movie with music.
 Z—Zero—Total sum of work accomplished.





An Art



N the present day and age there seems to be a restless craving for freedom, a surging impulse to be doing, to break away from old-fashioned bonds and ties. Thoughtlessly, some people feel that freedom consists in physical manifestations of the inward spirit. But what is freedom? Is it not the ability of this inner spirit, the mind, the soul of an individual to interpret its desires, its needs, and be able to find the type of activity which shall gratify its longings? And if this is true, how are we going to make it possible for this intangible mind to manifest itself? It must come about through the development of personality, of character, of mind, and the greatest influential factor is experience, actual contact with every phase of living, till our resources are so drawn upon, our experiences and reactions so numerous, that any potential characteristics will be brought to the surface. With some individuals the development of personality is a struggle; with others, spirit seems to grow. Before we judge an individual in relation to success, we must take into consideration the fundamental make-up. Some individuals will never make successful adjustments from the world's point of view, but as far as he himself is concerned, his needs, his happiness, he may have fulfilled his idea of freedom. It is the more active individual with whom we are concerned, the thinker, the doer, the personality calling for freedom.

Let us consider what the course in Nursing can do and has done for many individuals, how it has deepened character, increased experience, satisfied the spirit and proved to be a worth-while undertaking. Of course, Nursing is only one of many professions. It is not the field of work for every one. While for one it may be her making, for another it may be her undoing. In choosing this work, again the fundamental make-up of the individual must be taken into consideration. If Nursing were the one profession, the one and only field in which to gratify this craving for freedom, this problem of restlessness would be an easy one to solve. But instead, as varied as are individuals, so varied are the spheres in which these lives will find fulfillment. But with an individual who has chosen Nursing, who is suited for such work, we wish to show how the inner self can find expression in the menial daily tasks.

One of the essentials, in fact the key-note to successful Nursing, is the fact that we must forget ourselves, put ourselves in our patients' place, actually live their lives along with them, that we may understand their needs, their desires, and thereby aid them to the greatest extent. Are we losing our individuality? Are we making nonentities of ourselves by so doing? On the contrary, we are more and more bringing ourselves to a higher plane. "For he that loseth his life shall find it."

Probably Walter Reed is unique in its varied opportunities for development. Its environment, the many affiliations demanding additional adjustments, add to the scope of experience. When the Nurse first enters the hospital, the newness of her surroundings, the change in living conditions, contacts with new and different personalities, call for an adjustment that at first seems like a heavy jolt. The intense course of study, drawing upon her mental and physical resources so con-



stantly during the probationary period, will, if successfully completed, add to her are better, and by those who understand, her efforts are acknowledged.

As the Nurse enters the ward in the morning, it is often her spirit that makes the day. If she has succeeded in understanding her patients, she may have the enviable ability of quieting one after a restless night, cheering another blue and disheartened, appreciating one already joyful. As she walks down by the beds, quick must be her mind to have an appropriate word for each. But while she is making light of things for her patients' sake, even the darkest of situations, she must also look for little signs under the surface and discard her cheerfulness to understandingly sympathize. And though the morning tasks be routine and mechanical, subconsciously they demand her keenest thoughtfulness, for though she may be cheerily conversing with her patient, her very awkwardness, unfinished work may put her patient back to thoughts of unpleasantness.

Suppose she has a grouchy patient. What ill results she would have if she became impatient, scolded unduly, overlooked him because he was unappreciative. The Nurse who understands realizes he is ill in mind as well as body. When the body is broken, there is a drain on the mental energy as well. It is much harder for him to repress his desires, exert his patience when he is suffering. The Nurse who will take time to listen to his woes, to sympathize, to reason with him, will gain his good will and help him in his recovery. And if a Nurse does this how can she escape feeling a definite interest and love for her patient? According to some psychologists, the libido is the ruling motive in life. They state that all our trends center about it. We have often heard that where your heart is there are ye also. If we actually reach this goal, should we not live more satisfied, better character. She has overcome and mastered another milestone in the life she has chosen.

Her next great experience comes when she goes for the first time to the ward to carry out and put into practice the procedures learned in the classroom. To work under sympathetic guidance in the classroom is one thing. To work on a ward where responsibility is suddenly thrust upon you in a very different manner is another. It causes an inward change that is almost indefinable. Is there any wonder that fear crawls into the heart of the student, a new fear, a fear perhaps that she will not meet the responsibility and a knowledge that the blame will be on her? And how much strangeness creeps into one. She knows every one knows that she's new, that every one has an eagle eye upon her; not with doubt perhaps, but even amusement is enough to foil some characters. And then the patients! How awful an anemic patient looked that first day, and, oh, those patients with their legs in traction. And what wonderful tales she gathered! Days were needed for adjustment. But as the Nurse becomes accustomed to her duties, her tasks become routine, she has time to put into use those intangible possessions which have been mentioned before as so essential, a sympathetic understanding, gentleness, tolerance, patience, cheerfulness. Perhaps she is not rewarded for every effort, that is knowingly, but inwardly her reward is great, the results of her work regulated lives? If we can let out this complex of feelings in our daily work, if they find expression rather than repression, isn't the spirit finding its longed for outlet?

With the constant changing of wards, it is necessary to make new contacts, there must be readjustment of viewpoints to meet the demands of the new types



of patients. The demands of a surgical case on the road to recovery are somewhat different from those of a medical patient who has probably spent years in the hospital and has lost all hope and courage. There are new stories to listen to, new conversations to develop, new Nurses to work with, new tasks to perform.

Then it seems that as soon as she has adjusted herself to the routine of this hospital, in comes the assignment to affiliation with the Philadelphia General Hospital. If ever an adjustment had to be made, if ever extra effort had to be exerted to keep in harmonious relationship with her environment, it is when she leaves the beauties of Walter Reed and takes on the responsibilities of meeting conditions in Philadelphia. She has a new city with which to become acquainted, a different type of hospital in which to work, unusual patients with whom to deal. There are tasks to perform which she has never had to do before. Living conditions are different. The people she meets, the rules she has to recognize, make her bring *into* use all the factors possible in her make-up so that she can effectively adapt herself to conditions. As she goes through these experiences she is lastingly changed. Her character has taken another radical step in development. She learns much in Philadelphia. She sees what real service means. She realizes more than ever what a word or act of kindness means. Those poorer people who cannot have the things that ordinarily make people happy hang more than ever on the little evidences of kindness which she manifests.

And then, could anything offer more for her than the course in Public Health? A wealth of experience lies in the field that it would take pages to discuss. Every small factor, while she unselfishly cares for the sick, is making its mark on her, increasing her wealth of resources, enlivening her personality.

And still another change to add to the many of every-day nursing. It is her nursing in the field of psychiatry. This is a type of work that is entirely new, in which she changes many opinions, gains new ideas. If she has resources to draw upon, now is when she can put them into very practical use. The adjustment to the new type of patient, to living conditions, to new nurses has a valuable part to play in character building. Our courses there in Psychiatry, Human Behavior, and Psychology give her a new view of life. She sees the world and the people in it in a new light, with new and greater understanding, with a more gracious tolerance than ever before. This is an extremely valuable phase of the nursing course. It enables her to perform her duties with a keener knowledge of her patients' demands.

A Nurse's life is not all peace. As she goes through her course she is preparing herself. Many are the knocks, few are the boosts as we interpret them. Many times does she feel she has been judged unjustly. The Nurse who can think clearly, takes what is given her and uses it, is the one who will eventually smile. One part of her spirit has been harnessed, and by that very act freed.

Do not be mistaken and think that when her course is finished that the Nurse is a finished product, that her freedom from the binding shackles called life is complete. Not even at death has any one reached the ultimatum. But she is much nearer the goal, she is nearer being free. Her character has been deepened, her life through experience broadened, her understanding of the world more complete, and she can more fully adjust herself to her environment, a test of successful living and the beginning of freedom.

R. D. J.



Night Duty

Night Duty—that twelve-hour stretch from seven to seven!—didn't it seem long?—and didn't we sometimes hate to go on duty? But after all, it was fun, and we can truly say that Miss Dunn, our night Supervisor, did a great deal to make our various trips as pleasant as they were. She seemed to take a personal interest in what we did, and always had a kind word and pleasant smile for everyone. She was fair and square. We want her to know that we appreciate her kindness and helpfulness.



Faith

*Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed one life with true believing.*

*Oh, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.*

—Kemble.



The Old Gives Way to the New

SLOWLY, but without interruption, the walls of the new buildings are reaching upward, and seem to be covering an ever-increasing area of ground. To those who know Walter Reed Hospital only as outside observers the change seems a most desirable one, a new hospital with new equipment, new conveniences, and the spotlessness that we find only in a newly completed structure. But to us who have spent three years in the Army School of Nursing the change seems more fundamental. Not only will the buildings be new, but Walter Reed Hospital will be a new, a different institution. Since nineteen hundred eighteen, when the call was first made for student nurses, the whole country was being swayed by the spirit of service. We cheerfully went without the luxuries, and at times the necessities of every-day living, in order that those who had offered even their lives in the defense of their country's honor and safety might have a few of the comforts which they had so cheerfully been willing to forfeit.

Those students who answered that call for service, and began immediately to fit themselves to care for those whose sacrifice in some instances had been more than life, found that they, too, must forget the luxuries of life, and the comforts to which they had been accustomed. Crowded living conditions and inconveniences of many kinds were the result of the sudden influx from France of large numbers of the seriously wounded and the thousands of influenza patients from our own camps. New buildings had to be erected immediately. Not only the sick, but those caring for them had to have living quarters, and because of a lack of money and of time temporary structures were built to meet the new demands.

In nineteen hundred twenty-four when we came to Walter Reed Hospital the country was trying to forget the horrors and sorrow of the past, but in the war-time buildings, which were still being used as wards and nurses' quarters, we found very much the same spirit that existed in the army hospitals during the war. When we first saw the low, roughly built structures which for three years would be our home we quickly thought of the homes which we had left, and felt a suggestion of homesickness. But now, after spending three years within their walls those same low and roughly built structures have come to mean very much more to us than mere barracks. The low roofs and the walls which at first seemed to confine us to our small rooms have become friendly. Within them we have spent long hours of concentrated study, and at the end of the day's work have enjoyed many a bridge party and candy pull. To all of these walls seem to cling the memories of all the experiences which have been ours.

The temporary wards, too, have an atmosphere which is uniquely homely. Within each ward, separated as it is from all the others, lives a group of individuals who are so closely bound to one another by the ties of sympathy and comradeship that the spirit of the ward is akin to that of a large family. We often hear the remark made, "What makes the men in this hospital seem so much more cheerful and happy than those in other hospitals?" Is it the spirit of the soldier; is it

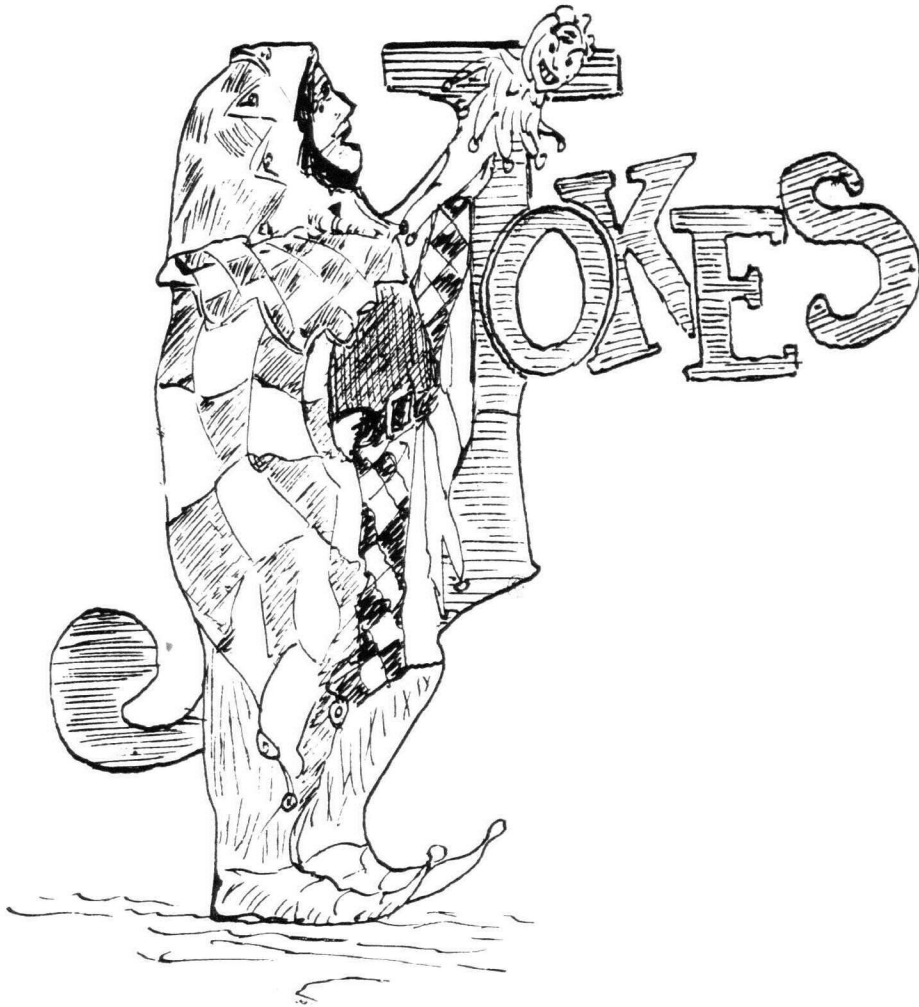


the attitude of the nurses; or perhaps the contact with the outside world of sports and music made possible by the individual radios given by Roxy? Without a doubt all of these factors help to chase away the blues and to keep the patient's thoughts away from his own pain. But the spirit is more than that of individual optimism. One has only to visit one of the wards to feel the atmosphere of united effort and cooperation.

Not only is the spirit found among the patients of each ward. Like the members of a town, there are interests which unite all the patients of the hospital. Not a thing is lacking to make our community complete. The general store is here. It is difficult to name anything which cannot be bought at the Post Exchange; from canned nut-meats to the newest style of bathing suit there is complete. And what other hospital can boast an inn within its walls? The Service Club stands ready to accommodate to its fullest capacity the relatives and friends of those living on the post. Not even for the services of bank, postoffice, barber shop, tailor shop, or shoe shop must we leave the post, and their services are always the best. The most unexpected and exciting discovery which we made when we first came to the Army School was the fact that almost every night there were two moving pictures given on the post and that every Thursday night we might go to Keith's vaudeville in our own Red Cross Building. Even the beauty and quiet of the city park lies within our own boundaries. Whether it is lying wrapt in a heavy cloak of ice and snow or bathed in the intense heat of the summer sun the garden of the Army Medical Center is a spot of perfect harmony and beauty. In the twilight of summer evenings when the strains of music from the band concerts fill the air with melody its charm is increased to that of a veritable paradise.

But soon a new era will begin. Gradually we have seen the old buildings torn down to make room for the new. Some of the wards where we spent many busy and happy hours are empty. Their windows stare at the passerby with a gaunt expression as though they felt that they had already been forgotten. In a few years Walter Reed Hospital will be one of the most modern and most completely equipped medical institutions in the country. The new Nurses' Home, the plans for which have already been made, will have many of the conveniences and comforts which we have not found in the temporary quarters; but as the old buildings are torn down each board and nail seems almost an understanding friend that has helped mold our lives at the Army School of Nursing. It met the emergencies of war, but now must give way to the hand of progress. We shall all be happy to have the new buildings, but the happiness is somewhat shadowed by the fact that in a short time not only will the faces of the nurses and patients be unfamiliar and strange, but not even will the old familiar buildings be here to welcome us when we return to visit the post. Shall we find the same spirit in the new hospital that we have found on the wards during our course of nursing? To the Student Nurses of future classes we leave the charge that they carry the cheerful, homely atmosphere from the old walls to the Walter Reed Hospital of the future.

M. P. HODGKINS.





“Our Faculty”

*A half a score of Walter Reed's best
Have given time and thought
To teaching Reed's younger set
To know the things they ought.*

*Anatomy by Miss Melby
Was first, and scored a mark
In order that we wouldn't flunk
We'd study e'en tho' dark.*

*Bacteriology was next,
And tho' Major Scott is gone,
Bacilli, cocci, rods and "stains"
In memory linger on.*

*Materia Medica next we had,
And surely thought it tough,
For tho' Miss Tobin drilled and drilled,
We could not get the stuff.*

*Practical nursing was good fun—
That is, it was in class—
But when Miss Staples supervised,
What came first, came last.*

*Captain Starkes taught us Bandaging,
That was loads of fun;
Miss Melby Psychiatry,
And diet by Mrs. Long.*

*Our Pediatrics we enjoyed,
For Dr. Holmes knew
That stories help make facts sink in,
And so he told a few.*

*Psychiatry was different
And Dr. Lewis, too,
While Dr. Noyes made us see
Ourselves as others do.*

*Came Surgery and Medicine
At 4 P. M. each day,
When tired brains can scarce retain
What McLean and Bloomfield say.*



*Maj. McBane taught us how to walk,
To make a splint or cast,
To carry babes on Bradford frames,
Make tractions taut that last.*

*Dr. Lull gave us our O. B.,
Which made us all decide
We'd send our patients straight to him
When we should nurse outside.*

*Our lectures in G-y-n we had
By Maj. Tucker, M. C.
In Urinalysis, Capt. Meddis,
Maj. Riley in T. B. C.*

*Nutrition by Capt. Mordecai,
Who gathered his facts from rats.
He also told us how
To balance proteins and fats.*

*Maj. Grady, the X-ray shark,
Interesting lectures did tell,
While Maj. Scott showed the works
Of Spirochaetes so well.*

*All itching Maj. Dooling can cure;
Maj. Spaeth, the eye;
Maj. Parrish taught us nose and throat,
He made us all heave a sigh.*

Some Problems

When our buddies were over in France they called
the cooties the mathematical bug. They claim that:
Add to your discomfort.
Subtract from your pleasures.
Divide your attention and
Multiply like the deuce.

Student Nurses' Lament

*We rush to bed, we rush to sleep,
We rush to rise at dawn.
We rush to breakfast with a leap,
And gulp and then we're gone.
We rush on duty, we rush to class.
Oh, dear, we're out of breath!
Until at last there's naught remains
But just to rush to death. Exchange.*



Do You Remember

Being supervised on Saturday P. M.?
Nan Mosely's fall from grace?
The fate of Rollo?
The day Amy was sent to the Guard House?
Stell's Abie?
The Nurses' Records on Children's Surgical?
Miss Staple's three-day vacation?
The note "Please be neat"?
The ride through Rock Creek Park in the Peerless?
"Drafty" Williams?
The spot on "Peg" Goss's lung?
Charlotte's fondness for horses?
Scottie's advice to the lovelorn?
What Myrtle did with her lunch money?
The night of the fire in Quarters three?
The day Nan Dayhoff walked into the Scrub Room?
The ethics classes at the George Washington University?
"Phil" and "Bix" reciting in Anatomy?
The day "Gravy" showed her toes?
The day "Dot" broke the atomizer?
The vinegar shampoos at Blockley?
The ghost hunt in Rock Creek Park?
When Alice was in charge of Basement Supply?
"Ginny's" hair nets at St. Elizabeth?
When "Bix" took in washing?
How Lottie took cognizance?
Captain Grart's Chemistry classes?
The watermelon party at Blockley?
Captain Mendelsonn's lessons in Anaesthesia?
The time when three years seemed endless?
—But the end has come.

Rhymes of a Student Nurse

*Two little students went to Ward 23.
They said it would be a vacation.
But alas! they both had a nervous breakdown
From pouring medications.*

*Little Blue Nurse, come write your chart,
Record the temperature and the beat of the heart,
For if you don't put those things down
The Major will certainly fuss and frown.*



Retrospect

*When the year was labeled "24"
Life seemed an awful grind.
Then was the time we'd have you know
We had to use our minds.*

*We studied Chem., Anatomy,
Nursing methods, too,
Till we thought into our heads
To put more would never do.*

*After months and months of studying,
A "preparation" true,
We finally went on to the wards
To see what we could do.*

*Some happily went to 59,
Where there were mostly legs in view;
Where it seemed as if everything you did
Was something entirely new.*

*Others went to O. P. 2,
Some to 23,
And every other ward on the Post
Real ward work for to see.*

*What monstrous tales we learned that day
And talked about all night,
Some I venture talked in their sleep,
Poor things had seen such sights!*

*Did we think we were indispensable?
Well, I should say we did.
Walter Reed exist without us?
Why, that's an awful fib.*

*As time rolled by, 'twas '25,
Another class came in.
'Twas then we learned the painful truth,
We didn't amount to a pin.*

*Why, they even sent us to Philly.
How we hated to leave Walter Reed.
For six long months we worked there,
We came back as though we'd been freed.*

*Walter Reed sunshine sure is the best,
We loved it more than ever.
But it wasn't long before they thought
From it again we'd better sever.*



*And so to St. Lizzy's we rode away
To care for the slightly unbalanced,
Hoping all the time we'd come back
Safe and sound—and we managed.*

*It wasn't long then before we finished;
Time had certainly flown
And in our hearts a fondness
For Walter Reed had grown.*

*And as we look back to ancient days,
Three long years ago,
Many a thought's tucked deep in our minds
As out in the world we go.*

*Our friends we'll miss—our dear school, too,
The grounds—their beauty rare;
And as we go out in the big wide world,
Its blessings with others we'll share.*

Ah, women, Ah men!

What If

If Fitch should lose her pleasing nature,
If Kangas were ever ruffled,
If Pete couldn't see into any old joke,
If Mo's spirit were ever muzzled,
If Mert should shrink to Frantz's size,
If Althea took Mert's place,
If Scottie lost that glorious hair,
And Carolyn her smiling face,
If Gin should lose that lasting pep,
If Kirley couldn't giggle.
Well, the class of '27
Wouldn't be worth a street-boy's miggle.

And if we should ponder on and on
And attribute all essentials,
Then think of all the bad results—
We'd all be classed as "Mentals."

Of all sad words of tongue and pen,
the saddest of these, "Be in at ten."—
Exchange.



Can You Imagine

"Eddie" Adams not saying, "The same, sir"?
Charlotte losing her voice?
"Butch" not knowing any scandal?
"Tiny" living in the North?
"Lonnie" without Henry?
"Nan" Dayhoff not receiving a noon-day call?
"Fitch" falling off to one hundred pounds?
"Vi" Gallagher singing the "Hebrew Melody"?
"Polly" Gary being cross?
"Peg" Goss not smiling?
"Phil" Greaves minus her typewriter?
Mary Carolyn without a B. F.?
Louise Carper without "Cadusa"?
"Stell" without "Mamma"?
"Clair" in love?
"Johnnie" not being a good sport?
"Kirley" and "Gin" separated?
"Betty" Laughrey when she no longer knows a "Handsome Brute"?
"Amy" losing her temper?
"Bix" being squelched?
"Phil" M. getting into a mess?
"Sen" without copious letters from Doc?
"Kate" Mulliken broadcasting?
"Lottie" Murry anything but herself?
"Scottie" turned brunette?
Althea six foot two? ? ?
"Peg" Sherwood without many suitors? (None suit her.)
Justine Trout doing the Charleston?
"Dot" Waldo deaf, dumb, and blind?
"Gravy" and Mabel bereft of their Southern drawl?
Mary Watson on a Georgia pecan farm?
"Fran" Williams not saying "Say, kid"?
"Claribel" drunk and disorderly?

And They Say Probies are Bashful?

Probie (to Miss Thompson, who is preparing some sandwiches in the Recreation Hut): "Say, are you kids having a party?"

Probie (to Miss Hodgkins, who is laundering a uniform): "When you're through with it you may wash some of mine."

Probie (to Senior Student): "You make some beds, I'll give the medications."



The Greasy Spoon

*Jane, Jane Morrison,
The "Super" of Quarters Three,
Took such care of the "Probies" dear,
They hankered for a spree.*

*"I squelched the 'Probies,'
'Students,'" she said, said she:
"You must never go down to the Greasy Spoon
Unless you go down with me."*

*Jane, Jane, Miss Morrison's
"Probies" donned uniforms neat.
Jane, Jane, Miss Morrison,
They walked to the end of the street!*

*Jane, Jane, Miss Morrison's
"Probies" made plans serene:
"We can easily get to the Greasy Spoon
And back, unknown to the 'Queen'."*

*The Chief Nurse then posted a notice.
It read: "Lost, Stolen, or Strayed."
Jane, Jane, Miss Morrison's "Probies"
Seem to have been mislaid.*

*They were last seen wandering gayly,
And quite of their own free will!
They tried to go to the Greasy Spoon—
Got lost; "Most unethikill!"*

*Jane, Jane, Miss Morrison
(Commonly known "Old Hen"),
Then begged the rest of the Faculty
Not to go blaming them.*

*Jane said to the Faculty,
"Girls," she said, said she:
"I warned them about going to the Greasy Spoon,
So please don't blame it on me."*

*Jane, Jane, Miss Morrison,
Who does her work to a "T",
Took such good care of her "Probies"
They hankered for a spree.*

*Jane then said to the "Probies,"
"Students," she said, said she,
"You must never go down to the Greasy Spoon
Unless you go down with me."*

R. I. T.



Dietitian (looking anxiously in ice-box): "I wonder whatever became of those bananas I brought over?"

K. P. (Cheerfully): "Why, I got all I wanted—didn't you?"

Major Makel (Attempting to secure abdominal dressing with adhesive strips on extremely emaciated patient): "Too many bones—a little tympanites would help a lot."

Cart Student: "Shall I get you some, Major?"

Captain Devers (Giving examination to future M. C. sergeant): "Name one expectorant, and describe action."

Applicant: "Why—er—Epsom salts,

because it—er—does what you expect."

Lady Shopper: "Pajamas, size 36."

Ex-Supply Sergeant (In reverie): "Where's your old ones? Gotta turn 'em in."

Major Ingold (To Probie): "Were you ever in the hospital?"

Probie: "Yes, sir."

Major Ingold: "What for?"

Probie: "To visit my aunt."

Just when we are beginning to think that we can make both ends meet, some guy comes along and moves the ends.

A Creed

There is a destiny that makes us brothers;

None goes his way alone.

All that we send into the lives of others

Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,

One thing holds firm and fast—

That into his fateful heap of days and deeds

The soul of a man is cast.

—Edwin Markham.



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WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL

Taps

*Fades the light;
And afar
Goeth day,
Cometh night;
And a star
Leadeth all,
Speedeth all
To their rest
Love, goodnight.
Must thou go
When the day
And the night
Leave me so?
Fare thee well
Day is done
Night is on.*





Autographs





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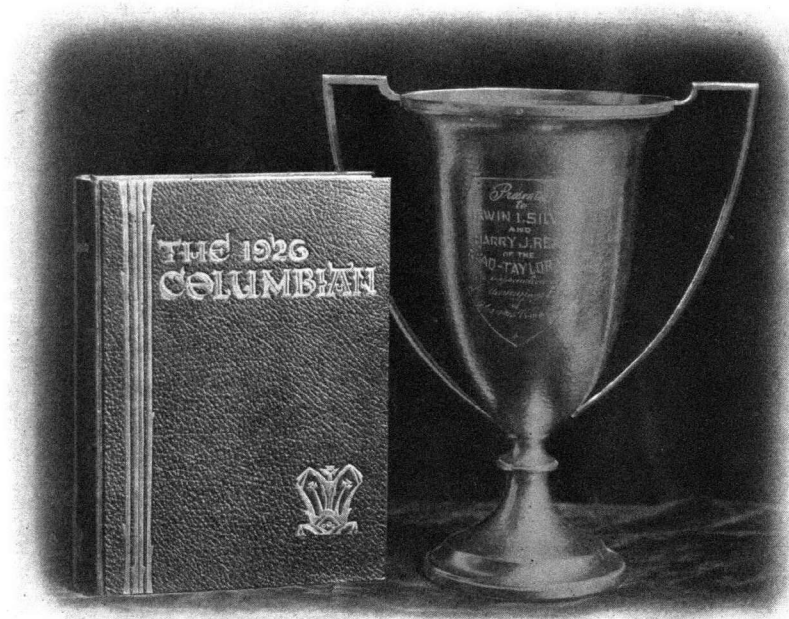
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